

The



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& BYSTANDER

MAR. 27, 1957

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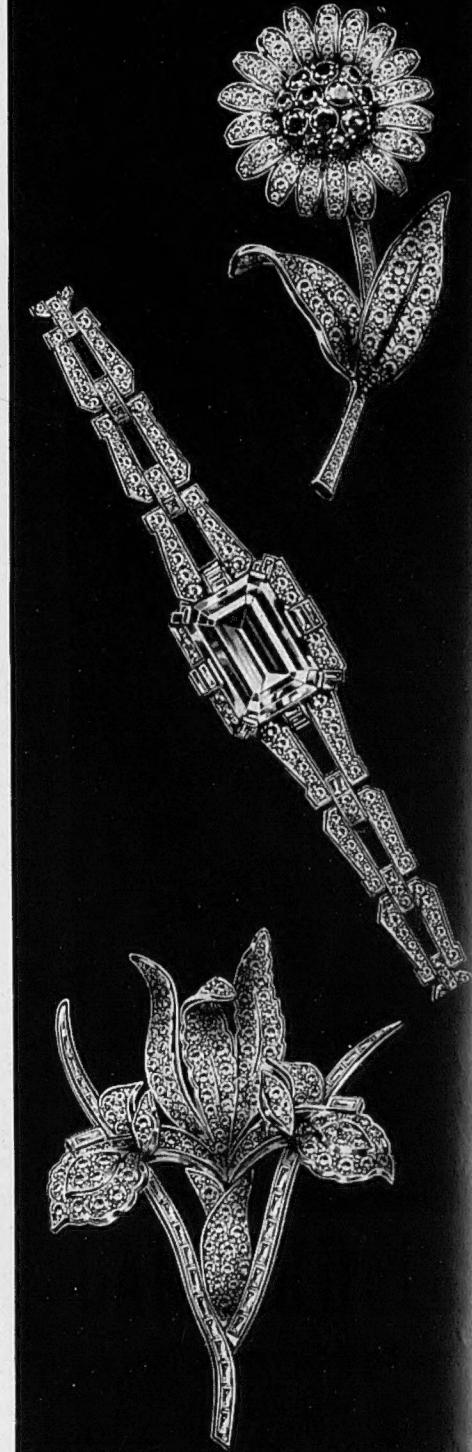
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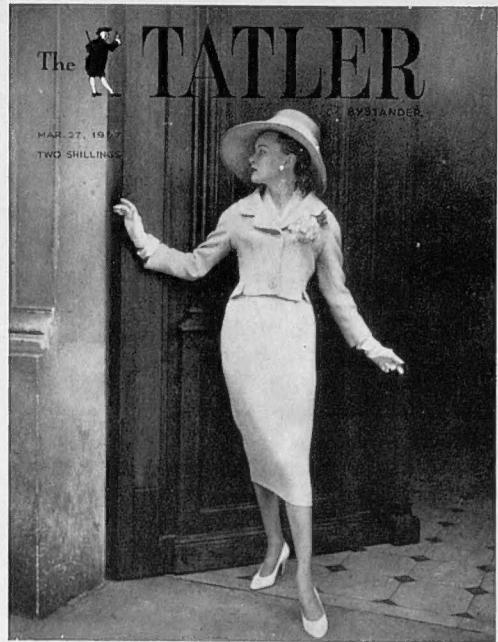
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THIS WEEK'S cover shows Pierre Balmain's enchanting suit in lilac checked wool. Its slender skirt and gently fitting jacket with the ultra-short basque emphasize the new "leggy" look; the wide collar stands away from the neck to reveal the flattering folds of the chiffon blouse beneath. The hat is fine Baku straw swathed in chiffon. Debenham and Freebody have in stock a copy of this suit in blue mixture tweed enhanced with a turquoise blue chiffon blouse. Colour photograph by Michel Molinare

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From March 28 to April 3

Mar. 28 (Thu.) The Queen and Prince Philip will visit Repton School for the Four Hundredth Anniversary celebrations.
 English Jersey Cattle Society Spring Show and Sale at Reading.
 Badminton: International Tournament (to 30th), Kelvin Hall, Glasgow.
 Cocktail party: Lady Rumbold for Miss Serena Rumbold, at 31 Eaton Place.
 Rotary Club of London dinner-dance at the Dorchester.
 Racing at Liverpool (both rules) and steeplechasing at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Mar. 29 (Fri.) British Percheron Horse Society Spring Show and Sale, Histon, Cambs.
 Steeplechasing: The Grand National at Liverpool, and flat racing at Liverpool.

Mar. 30 (Sat.) The Boat Race—Oxford University v. Cambridge University, from Putney to Mortlake, 12.30 p.m.
 Association Football: Scotland v. England (Amateur), Hampden Park, Glasgow.
 Schoolboys' International Soccer Match, Wembley, Middlesex.
 Hockey: Wales v. England at Abergavenny.
 Point-to-points: Oakley Hunt at Newton Bromswold, near Rushden, Northants; the Puckeridge Hunt at Bishop's Stortford, Herts; the V.W.H. (Cricklade), at Barbury Castle Farm, Wroughton, Wilts.
 London Rowing Club Boat Race Night Ball at the Dorchester.
 Steeplechasing at Liverpool and Chepstow, flat racing at Liverpool, Hurst Park and Warwick.

Mar. 31 (Sun.) Recital: Miss Muriel Smith at the Royal Festival Hall, in aid of the Multiple Sclerosis Society, 3 p.m.

Apr. 1 (Mon.) Prince Philip will attend the premiere of the film *Yangtse Incident*, in aid of the Navy

League's Diamond Jubilee Appeal, at the Plaza Cinema.

Cocktail parties: Mrs. Brydon Gilroy for Miss Jane Gilroy at the Hyde Park Hotel; Mrs. Kirk Lawton for Miss Joan Lawton at 30 Parkside, Knightsbridge.

Flat racing at Nottingham.

Apr. 2 (Tue.) Shakespeare Season of plays (to end of November), Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Cocktail party: Mrs. R. Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe and Mrs. L. Bootle-Wilbraham for Miss Roxanna Pelham-Clinton and Miss Olivia Bootle-Wilbraham, at 10 Balfour Mews, W.1.
 Dance: Lady Ida Johnson and Mrs. Andrew Drummond Murray for Miss Sheena Johnson and Miss Gina Drummond Murray, at 8 Cadogan Gardens.

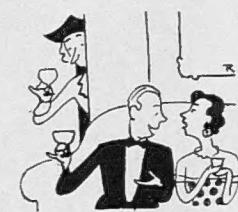
Flat racing at Nottingham.

Apr. 3 (Wed.) The Queen will hold an Afternoon Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace. Prince Philip will give an illustrated talk about his recent tour to schoolchildren at the Royal Festival Hall.

Cocktail parties: The Hon. Mrs. John Wills for Miss Susan Wills, in London; Mrs. Denis Drew and Mrs. Weddell for Miss Imogen Weddell at 46 Belgrave Square; Mrs. K. M. Barnard for Miss Caroline McAndrew at 30 Holland Park Mews.

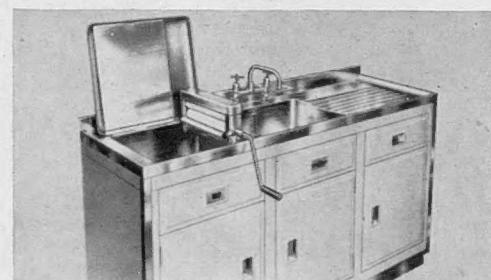
Dance: Mrs. Robin Nunneley (small dance), for Miss Jennifer and Miss Phillada Nunneley, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Steeplechasing: Royal Artillery Meeting at Sandown Park.



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Volume CCXXIII. No. 2907

MARCH 27

1957



Barry Swaebé

Richard Onslow with his parents

MR. CRANLEY ONSLOW and Lady June Onslow are seen with their son Richard Alan Douglas, who was born last June. This photograph was taken in London after the family's return from Maymyo in

North Burma where Mr. Onslow was the acting British Consul, and where Richard was born. Lady June is the daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Kinnoull, and a sister of the present Earl



The bridesmaids, Lynne Barty, Susan Bartholomew, Jancise Robinson and Susan Clark with the page Charles Bartholomew



Mrs. F. Pitcher and Dr. and Mrs. Beale Gibson



Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Pitt and the Hon. Mrs. J. C. Bartholomew



The Earl and Countess of Guilford with Mrs. and Mr. John Werner



Mrs. L. F. Pye and her son, Mr. M. Pye, at the Basil Street Hotel reception



Mr. Philip Boas talking to Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Partridge



Mr. Hubert Morris, best man (left), with Viscount and Viscountess Long



Mr. David Buchan, Miss Jane Bennett, Miss Anne Barnard and Mr. Oliver Eley



Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune and Miss Imogen Micklethwaite

VISCOUNT LONG'S SON MARRIED

THE marriage took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of the Hon. Richard Long, elder son of Viscount and Viscountess Long, and Miss Margaret Frances Frazer, daughter of Mr. Ninian Frazer. Right, the bride and bridegroom



A. V. Swaebe



Betty Swaine

MISS AMANDA FISHER is the daughter of Mr. Nigel Fisher, the Conservative M.P. for Surbiton, and of Lady Gloria Flower, of York House, London, W.8; she is the attractive granddaughter of the seventh Earl of Lisburne. Miss Fisher will be presented by her mother next month

Social Journal

Jennifer

AN ENTERTAINING EVENING

As a playwright the Hon. William Douglas-Home seldom fails to make us laugh. He has a great sense of fun and always writes about a world he knows intimately, magnifying the intelligence, incompetence or foolishness of its inhabitants. At the first night of his latest venture, *The Iron Duchess*, which I see he describes as a topical comedy, at the Cambridge Theatre, the audience laughed heartily. The play, which rotates round the Duke and Duchess of Whitadder in their home Cranshaw Castle with a dash of "Colonial and Political" sauce, is most beautifully acted, with Athene Seyler and Ronald Squire in the leading roles.

It was good to see a really chic and well dressed audience. The Duchess of Argyll, looking very beautiful in a short flame-coloured chiffon evening dress, sat in the stalls with the Duke of Argyll. The author's sister-in-law, the Countess of Home, was a few rows in front

of them wearing a blue and beige shot organza evening dress. She was accompanied by her eldest daughter Lady Caroline Douglas-Home. The Earl of Home, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, was unable to be present at his brother's first night as he was away in Australia as our delegate at the S.E.A.T.O. conference in Canberra. I saw the Hon. Thomas Brand, a regular first-nighter at his son-in-law's plays, also the Hon. David Ormesby-Gore, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, and Mrs. Ormesby-Gore, both obviously much amused by the play, Rose Marchioness of Headfort and her daughter Lady Millicent Taylour.

Others in the audience included Mr. David and Lady Caroline Somerset, the latter in a short pink evening dress, Capt. Michael and the Hon. Mrs. Brand, the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Ward, Lady Victoria Scott, Viscountess Lambton, Mr. Hugh Wontner just back from a visit to France, Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dunfee and Mr. Colin Lesslie with film magnate Sir Michael Balcon. Two

people I did not see were the author and his very pretty wife who, I believe, was waiting somewhere close at hand to hear whether her husband had produced yet another success—I think she need have had no fear, though perhaps it will not run as long as *The Reluctant Débutante*.

★ ★ ★

Two vases of mimosa, purple lilac, red tulips and other brilliant coloured spring flowers were set on each side of the chancel steps, and deep pink flowers on the altar of St. Michael's, Chester Square, for the marriage of Mr. Euan Malcolmson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Iain Malcolmson, and Miss Diana Preston, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Preston. The bride, who was given away by Prince Alexander Romanoff, chose a medieval theme. Her pearl-embroidered white satin and organza dress had long, flowing medieval sleeves, and a small diamond tiara held her veil in place.

The three grown-up bridesmaids, her sister, Miss Rusheen Preston, Princess Jean Rospigliosi, and Miss Diana Plunkett, wore long medieval dresses of red velvet, and red velvet leaves in their hair. The four little children looked enchanting; the pages, Jeremy Strutt and John Leigh-Pemberton, wore white frilly shirts with long red velvet trousers, and the two little girls, Catherine Guinness and Annabel Dent, wore long white muslin dresses with red velvet sashes. They were all extremely young (two to four years old), and at times during the service a little noisy, in fact the poor soloist had great competition during the first verse of the anthem from a screaming page in the vestry during the signing of the register.

At the reception at 6 Belgrave Square, Mrs. Preston received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, and among those who came to wish the young couple happiness I met Lady Belper and her son and daughter-in-law, the Hon. Rupert and Mrs. Strutt, who were all talking to Mr. Frank Wallace, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, who had to leave before the cake was cut, for a debate in the House of Lords, the bridegroom's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gough-Calthorpe and their young son, the bridegroom's brother, Mr. Colin Malcolmson, who was one of the busy ushers in the church, and his sister Miss Meridah Malcolmson. I also met Lady Leslie, who was hoping her husband would get away from his office to join her, the Hon. John Denison-Pender who was an usher; his younger brother, Robin, and his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. Robin and the Hon. Mrs. Dent, whose little daughter, Annabel, was a bridesmaid—happily she carried out her duties quite silently!

Lady Anderson, looking very attractive in a blue velvet hat, was accompanied by her daughter Gillian, Mrs. Clifford-Turner, wearing a white hat with her black Persian lamb coat, was accompanied by her two daughters and Miss Lorna Lyle. Mrs. Kleinwort and her two daughters were there, also Mrs. William Harrison, Mr. Ian Cameron, Mrs. William Pilkington and her daughter Verity, and Miss Lottie Tooth with Mrs. Stoddart, her son Peter and his pretty fiancée, Miss Joanna Adams, who are getting married in May, also at St. Michael's, Chester Square. Miss Tooth was Nanny in the Stoddart family and then went on to the bridegroom's family, and was meeting many old friends at the wedding.

Miss Rose Lycett Green, Miss Camilla Roberts, Miss Mary Illingworth, Miss Caroline Judd and Miss Jennifer Mackinnon were among the many pretty girls at the wedding. The last named is happily recovering well from a hunting accident when her face was very badly cut.

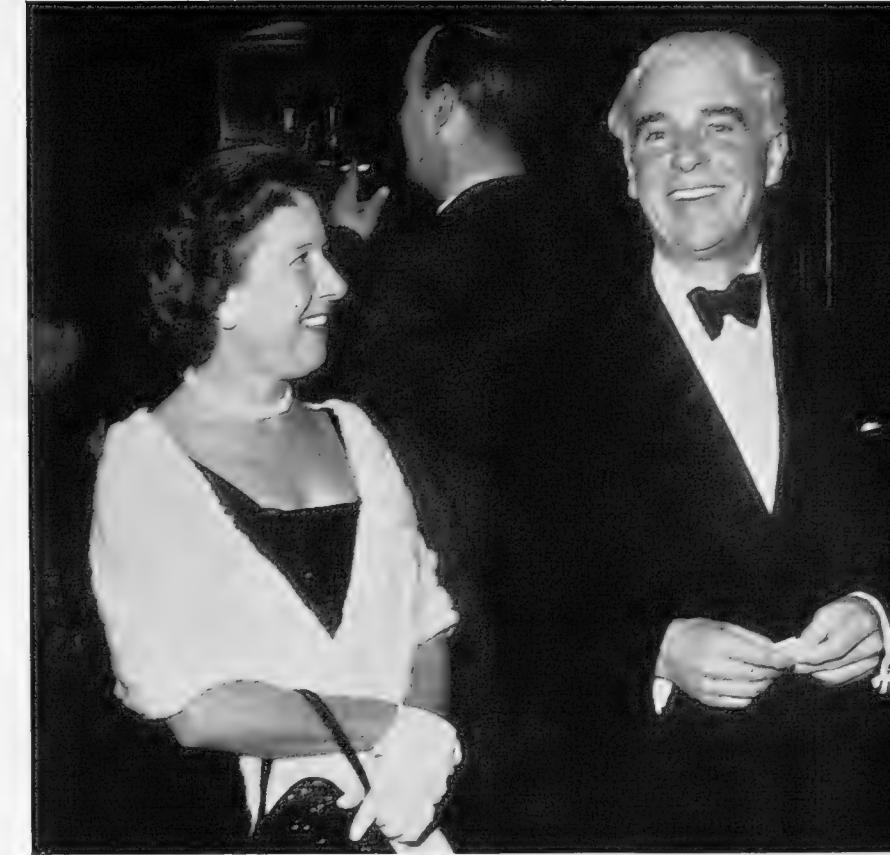
After the bride and bridegroom cut their wedding cake, the best man, Sir Thomas Pilkington, asked everyone to join in drinking the health of Euan and Diana. He then announced that the bridegroom had gone on strike and would not make a speech, which caused much laughter!

★ ★ ★

I WATCHED a colourful scene on St. Patrick's Day, when officers and men of the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards, wearing their scarlet tunics and bearskins, were on parade at Wellington Barracks after attending Mass at Westminster Cathedral. On this occasion the Princess Royal, deputizing for the Queen, the Colonel-in-Chief, presented baskets of shamrock to company commanders for distribution among the troops. Her Royal Highness, who looked exceedingly smart wearing the bottle-green uniform and gold-braided peaked cap of the W.R.A.C., in which she holds the rank of Major-General, was welcomed by Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, Colonel of the Regiment, Lt.-Col. Ivo Reid, the Lt.-Col. Commanding the Regiment and Lt.-Col. H. L. S. Young, who commands the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards.

After the presentation of the shamrock, which incidentally the Princess Royal gives to the regiment each year, bearskins were held high and there was a rousing "three cheers for the Princess Royal." H.R.H. then took the Salute at a march past which was carried out with the meticulous precision so closely associated with the Brigade of Guards. An added splash of colour to this splendid scene were the regimental pipers in their green tunics and saffron kilts. Behind

[Continued overleaf]



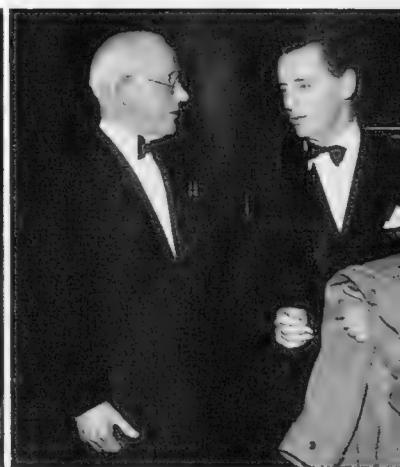
A. V. Swaebe

IMPORTANT FIRST NIGHT

WHEN "The Iron Duchess," the new comedy by the Hon. William Douglas-Home, had its first night at the Cambridge Theatre recently it was well attended by regular first nighters. These included (above) Mr. Emlyn Williams and Mrs. Williams

The Hon. Mrs. W. Douglas-Home,
the playwright's wife

Mr. E. P. Clift, who presented the
play, with the author



The Hon. Peter and Mrs. Ward
were also present

Mrs. William Mervyn and
Arnold Harrison



LOUISE ARNOLD is the eighteen-year-old daughter of the noted theatrical impresario, Mr. Tom Arnold. He and his wife are to give a dinner-dance for her at the Savoy on Friday, April 5

came another grand sight, nearly three hundred officers and other ranks, members of the Irish Guards Association, London Branch, who had also been on parade, under the command of Brig. J. O. E. Vandeleur, President of the Association. Some going a little lame, the result of war wounds, and most of them wearing a meritorious display of medals on their overcoats or suits, many had served in both world wars. Among them I noticed Sir Terence Nugent, Col. Sydney Fitzgerald happily recovered from a bad attack of shingles, Brig. Andrew Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Lt.-Col. Sir Patrick Barry the High Court Judge, Mr. John Marnan, Q.C., now magistrate at Old Street, Major John Moore, Col. Trestram Grayson, Mr. Colin Lesslie and Mr. David Drummond. The two half companies were commanded by Lt.-Col. J. Keating, who is renowned throughout the brigade, and R.S.M. Tom Kelly, another great personality.

AT the end of the parade the Princess Royal, attended by the Hon. A. Mrs. Francis Balfour, went into luncheon in the Officers' Mess with Earl and Countess Alexander, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Ivo Reid, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. L. S. Young and Major J. W. Berridge, the second in command of the battalion, and Mrs. Berridge.

Brightly coloured cinerarias were massed each side of the front door and inside vases of really beautiful flowers were arranged in the smoking-room and dining-room. The guests of the colonel and officers of the regiment enjoyed a delicious buffet luncheon which was served for over two hundred.

Besides those I have already mentioned, others present included Major A. W. Mainwaring-Burton, the Regimental Adjutant and his wife, Brig. Denis Fitzgerald, who is now working at the War Office, Col. Tommy Lindsay over from Ireland for the occasion, Field-Marshal Earl Alexander's charming youngest brother, the Hon. William

Alexander, the Queen's racing manager, Capt. Charles Moore, Mr. Guy Tylden-Wright, Capt. J. N. Ghika, the acting adjutant, the Hon. John Lindesay-Bethune and his pretty wife, Mr. Peter Thursby, Mrs. Uniacke, who like many present has a son in the battalion, Mrs. David Drummond and her daughter Philippa, Mrs. Colin Lesslie, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Chesterton, Mrs. John Moore, Major and Mrs. Tony Powell Edwards, and Mr. Jamie Judd, who did his National Service with the regiment. It was a very well done and superbly organized occasion, also a truly happy gathering. So many old friends meeting again, some after many years, in a few instances dating back to the last war.

★ ★ ★

FLASHBACK to the National Hunt Festival (the opening days of which I wrote about last week) at Cheltenham, where the race for the Gold Cup was run on the final day. This was won by Mr. David Brown's brilliant chaser Linwell, ridden by Michael Scudamore, from Mr. G. H. Moore's good mare Kerstin, with Mr. Guy Lawrence's Rose Park third. The last named, owned jointly by Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Dickie Wilkins (who alas was not back from a health trip to the Far East in time for Cheltenham), made all the running in a very fast run race, until he was overtaken by the winner two fences from home. After the race, Mr. David Brown, who had only just returned with his wife from their home in Nassau, was received by the Queen Mother in the Royal Box as were the jockey and the trainer of the winner, Mr. C. Mallon. The Queen Mother came with Capt. Frank and Lady Avice Spicer, with whom she was staying at Spyke Park. With her in the Royal Box were the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort and Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke.

Others at this very enjoyable meeting besides those I mentioned last week were Sir Simon and Lady Orde—his horse Pointsman finished fourth in the Gold Cup—the Hon. Mrs. White whose Lochroe finished fifth in the big race, Sir Miles and Lady Dempsey, Mrs. Joseph Mackle, very neat in dark red, who was staying with her brother, the Hon. Rodney and Mrs. Berry who were staying with Major Stanley Cayzer, Major Rhidian and Lady Honor Llewellyn and his sister Mrs. Frank Byers, Lady Lettice Cotterell and Mrs. Percy Legard, who was with her brother-in-law and sister, Capt. and Mrs. Victor Jones.

Also present were the Marchioness of Blandford, Miss Diana Harrison with friends in a box, Lady Petre the centre of a group of friends on the lawn, General Sir Colin and Lady Barber, Mr. Duncan Mackinnon and his attractive daughter Jennifer, Major and Mrs. John Christian who have a house conveniently near, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Freeman Jackson over from Ireland, Capt. and Mrs. Bobby Petre talking to the Earl of Suffolk, Comte and Comtesse de Pret-Roose, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Baring, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Pease and their daughter Carol, and Lady Anne Nevill, whose parents, the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, were staying with friends on a yacht in America after a business trip to Canada where the Marquess of Abergavenny, like Lord Weeks, has recently been made a director of Massey Harris in Canada.

★ ★ ★

ALTHOUGH the recital took place on a Saturday night, when so many people are out of London, there was a big audience at the Wigmore Hall to hear the young French pianist Eric Heidsieck. This young man, who has dedicated his life to music, is a joy to listen to. Everyone I spoke to was enthusiastic about his playing and at the end of his programme the applause was so great that he had to give three encores. The first half of the programme was taken up by Beethoven's seldom heard Sonata in B flat major, Op. 106 (Hammerklavier), a very exacting work, which this brilliant pianist played superbly. In the second part of the programme he chose works by Schumann, Roussel and Handel, and for the last of his three encores one by Ravel which enchanted everyone.

Among the audience who had come to hear him play were the Peruvian Ambassador and his beautiful wife, Mme. Schreiber, Baroness Ravensdale who gave a supper party at her Chelsea home for the young pianist after the recital, Maj.-Gen. Sir Julian Gascoigne, Mrs. Alistair Cameron, Col. Swan, Capt. and Mrs. Alwyne Farquharson of Invercauld, and Lady Baxter and her daughter Meribah who had several young friends with them.

Two nights later M. and Mme. Jean Charles Heidsieck gave a cocktail party in their sitting-room at the Savoy Hotel, where I had the opportunity of meeting their son Eric, a quiet and very unspoilt young man, and congratulating him on his fine performance—he was very deeply touched and gratified at the success of his playing. Several of those I had seen in the audience were here also. Lord and Lady Mancroft, the latter wearing a very chic white satin bow cap with her black dress, were guests, also Sir Charles and Lady Petrie, Mrs. Murray, who had also been at the recital, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, Lord and Lady Douglas of Kirtleside, Sir Alexander and Lady Cadogan, pretty and vivacious Princess Schaumburg Lippe from Austria, who told me she was off to Paris the following day, the Hon. Mrs. Henderson, Mr. Elaine from Chicago, and Sir David Davies. Others who came to congratulate the young pianist and greet his charming parents, who were in England

for an all-too-short visit, included the Hon. Greville and Mrs. Howard, Baroness Ravensdale, Mrs. Alistair Cameron, Mr. James Sainsbury and Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, who came in rather late.

After his London recital Eric Heidsieck flew to Amsterdam where he gave a recital at the Concertgebouw and another at The Hague. All of us who have had the pleasure of hearing him hope that he will make a return visit to play in this country before long.

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NEXT Sunday, March 31, there is to be a recital at the Royal Festival Hall to raise funds for the Multiple Sclerosis Society, when that brilliant artist Muriel Smith will appear with Gerald Moore. The programme includes "Pieta Signore" by Stradella, five works by Brahms, some French and Italian songs, "Adieu Forêts" by Tchaikovsky, and finally some spirituals and contemporary songs.

Tickets for the recital which begins at 3 p.m. can be obtained from the Society's Headquarters at 9 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1, or at the Royal Festival Hall, and they cost from five shillings to two guineas.

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PRINCESS MARGARET, wearing a little white plumed cap with a long bright blue velvet coat, recently made her first visit to the Fishmongers' Hall. This was on the occasion of a reception organized by the Dominions Fellowship Trust. Her Royal Highness was welcomed with a charming short speech by the Prime Warden of the Fishmongers' Company, W/Cdr. Gerald Constable-Maxwell, and by Miss Macdonald of Sleat, chairman of the Management Committee of the Dominions Fellowship Trust.

After tea, which was taken with other guests in the magnificent banqueting hall, Princess Margaret spent over an hour going round the rooms meeting many of the other five hundred guests, most of whom were young and came from overseas. The Dominions Fellowship Trust was started in 1916 and did tremendous work during the war. It is one of the four main Empire hospitality organizations in this country and has about one thousand new members every year. There is no subscription, but every member has to be personally introduced. Among these are Rhodes scholars and Marshal scholars, many of whom were at the reception. The Warden of Rhodes House and Mrs. Williams were also among the guests who were received at the top of the fine stairs by Miss Macdonald of Sleat with Mrs. Wallis, Mrs. Fry and Lady Fraser, who are all members of the Management Committee.

Among those present who give most generous hospitality in their homes to the young members were Mrs. Hatchard Smith, who with her husband, Col. Hatchard Smith, have entertained hundreds at their home in the West of England, Mrs. Jollyman, who has had a succession of young guests at her home at Glen Urquhart, in Scotland, and Mrs. Pemberton, who gives two parties each year at her home, Trumpington Hall, near Cambridge, for new members staying in that part of the world. Also at the reception were Sir Colin Anderson, one of the trustees, who is also a member of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers and was largely responsible for arranging the reception in this lovely setting, where they were also given tea by this venerable City Company.

I also met the Prime Warden's very charming American-born wife, Mrs. Gerald Constable-Maxwell, who was talking to Sir Edmund and Lady Neville, Mr. and Mrs. John Barclay and the Hon. Sir Arthur and Lady Lorna Howard.

During her visit Princess Margaret had the opportunity of having another good look at Annigoni's superb portrait of the Queen, which hangs on the wall of one of the stately rooms; perhaps this time with more interest than before as she is now being painted herself by the great Italian artist.

★ ★ ★

PAID a brief visit to the Royal Horticultural Society's two-day show at Westminster. The flowering cherries and numerous other flowering shrubs filled the New Hall with a glorious breath of spring. Perhaps the most striking and decorative was Waterers' white ornamental cherry Yoshino. There was a profusion of heavenly tulips and daffodils; among the latter were many of the pink tinted variety. It was in the other hall that I was really overwhelmed by the beauty of the scene—hundreds of orchids, outstanding among the exhibits being the stand of about two hundred Cymbidiums shown by Mr. Helmut Schroder. They were grown at his Englefield Green home by Mr. Schroder's head gardener, Mr. R. E. Farmer, one of the greatest experts in the country at growing orchids. His efforts were justly rewarded by a gold medal for the exhibit. These graceful flowers were too beautiful to describe, and all perfect in their formation. Two especially remarkable plants were Burgundian, a ravishing deep pink, and Euphrates.

Lord Hothfield, who also lives at Englefield Green, was another prizewinner, but his was a much smaller exhibit. He won the McBean Trophy for twenty-five Cymbidiums.



The St. Patrick's Ball, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., was held at the Porchester Hall. Among the 350 guests at the dance were (above) Mr. Malcolm Crawford and Miss Sally Holman

Mr. Julian Smith with Miss June Beaumont-Nesbitt



Mrs. David Reid was with Mr. W. A. Tidwell



Desmond O'Neill
Miss Mary-Rose O'Neill
and Mr. Paddy O'Knott



Mr. Peter Hordijk and Miss Anne McLaughlin

IN THE WARM COTSWOLDS

THE NATIONAL HUNT meeting at Cheltenham, held in beautiful Cotswold country, opened in splendid weather. Below, the Queen, the Queen Mother and the Duke of Beaufort on the first day



Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, Bt., who is Master of the Cotswold Hunt, riding on the course



Mrs. J. Hamilton-Stubber, the Hon. Mrs. J. O. King, Mrs. D. Musker and Cdr. King



Mrs. Abel Smith and Mr. Colin Walker were with the Marquess and Marchioness of Hertford



Miss V. Cannon, Capt. R. Cunningham-Jardine, Mr. L. Riley-Lord



Miss Oriel Corbett was with Miss Anne Plowden



Mrs. J. Heyworth and Mrs. John Walker in the car park



Much exciting steeplechasing took place; and the Cheltenham Gold Cup was no exception, the last fence being taken in style by Mr. David Brown's Linwell which won, with Kerstin second and Pointsman (right) fourth



Mrs. John Menzies was with Miss Zelie Llewellyn



Miss Fiona McHardy and Miss Rachel Russell from New Zealand



Mr. and Mrs. E. Sandell and Col. and Mrs. F. E. Allday



The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
MARCH 27,
1957
588



Dame Peggy Ashcroft will be appearing in the first play of the season, acting Rosalind



Sir John Gielgud plays lead in "The Tempest"



Alec Clunes will be Caliban, Brutus in "Julius Caesar" and Falconbridge in "King John"

Glen Byam Shaw undertakes his first season as sole director of the Theatre, producing the opening "As You Like It"

STRATFORD 1957

SHAKESPEARE, you may recall, was a business man who delighted in puns. Consider then his enjoyment of the prologue which the Poet Laureate wrote for the opening of the new Stratford Memorial Theatre twenty-five years ago.

And may this House be famous, may it be
The home of lovely players

that is fair enough. What better word than lovely to describe the art of Dame Peggy Ashcroft? But consider the effect on the punster of

Friends, may this day begin an age of gold

with its anticipation not only of great acting but of coffers as full as Warwickshire's Avon after winter rains.

Only when we are in the Memorial Theatre under Shakespeare's spell do we think of it as our National Theatre. Sober we prefer to remember that National Theatres receive vast subsidies and make huge losses. Or bearing in mind James Agate's nightmare about a National Theatre: "The Director is an amateur who once produced a masque at Slough. The company is dud. The audience contains young men in corduroy trousers and the widows of veterinary surgeons," we submit that critic was biased. Of course the Director—Mr. Glen Byam Shaw—may have committed such a crime in his Oxford days. One never knows.

Let us concede that Stratford is the closest we in this country will probably get to a National Theatre. "The British don't want one," said Shaw, "they never want anything. They didn't want the British Museum, the National Portrait Gallery or Westminster Abbey."

LET us concede, too, that the inability of Stratford to gather together a company and retain it for five years—the time Mr. Tyrone Guthrie contends actors must have to find a common style—is a handicap.

Yet the supreme achievements of the Memorial Theatre linger on in the memory. The shimmering beauty of Peter Brook's *Love's Labour's Lost*, the masterly pace and rhythm of Guthrie's *Henry VIII*, Tearle's *Othello* (how much more profitable if one

KENNETH GREGORY combines knowledge with enjoyment in discussing the forthcoming Stratford season

is a singer and undertakes *Otello*), Gielgud's *Cassius*, Olivier's *Macbeth* and Dame Peggy's *Beatrice*—could the most richly endowed National Theatre surpass these? At its best Stratford appeals to the connoisseur no less than do Salzburg and Bayreuth.

Since Shakespeare requires virtuosity of utterance and interpretation, we should not be surprised that this season's company is largely a mature one. Shakespeare's golden lads and lasses may be part of his scheme of things but they are certainly subordinate to his most fully rounded creations. To pretend that any great actor could have accomplished in youth what he has in the plenitude of his powers is to misunderstand the nature of art. Nor is it a coincidence that while the past few years have given us more than one remarkable Lear they have been sparing of Romeos.

MATURITY then for the 1957 season, longer than any before, which begins on Tuesday next with *As You Like It*. Dame Peggy Ashcroft will enter Arden the most likely Rosalind since another great actress and enchantress, Dame Edith Evans, conquered all hearts at the Vic as "a Meredithean lady rich in mind." Later on she will discard her doublet and hose for Imogen's rue in *Cymbeline* (July 2), a play which will one day exercise a hypnotic effect on Americans as they land at Milford Haven.

This year's history, *King John* (April 16), will introduce to Stratford Mr. Douglas Seale, an almost legendary figure from the Birmingham Rep. to whom the intricacies of Plantagenet plot are child's play. Robert Harris and Alec Clunes, two distinguished old boys, will be at hand as the King and Falconbridge, with Joan Miller, fresh from Anouilh's *Medea* at Oxford, as the forceful Constance, a lady whose lines seem to terminate in countless exclamation marks. When Dame Sybil Thorndike, touring in wartime, assailed the ear of a certain critic with her Constance, the shattered fellow sought refuge in understatement. "Dame Sybil could be heard all over the theatre." At the bottom of the High Street, dear sir!

The Shakespeare Festival did not begin until the tercentenary

Geoffrey Keen will be playing the parts of Cassius, and in "Cymbeline," evil Iachimo

Robert Harris will undertake King John, Jaques and Alonso



Portia this season will be acted by Joan Miller



in 1864, the first Memorial Theatre opening fifteen years later. Mr. Shaw, a rival bard, did not approve of the building and when it was destroyed by fire in 1926 sent congratulations. "It will be a tremendous advantage to have a proper modern theatre. There are a few more theatres I should like to see burned down." Yet when its successor had risen from the ashes it remained unfashionable, ninety miles from London and not what the perfectionists wanted. Asked what it was that he wanted at Stratford, one critic replied, "Gielgud."

Sir John duly arrived seven seasons ago with Angelo, Cassius and Lear. On August 13 he will renew his partnership with the Memorial Theatre and Peter Brook as Prospero in *The Tempest*. Men in their time play many parts.

If it suggests a Chaplin-esque virtuosity on Mr. Brook's part to be responsible for the décor and music as well as direction, then we must bow the knee to Sir John for his midsummer hat trick. To pass from Coward's valet to Shakespeare's master is one thing, but to spend the intervening hours introducing Berlioz to Covent Garden is another. Dare we hope that Sir John may yet persuade Mme. Maria Callas to knock off Cleopatra?

If, by any chance, you happen to be in Paris, Vienna, Belgrade or Zagreb during May or June, you can catch up with another Stratford company led by Miss Vivien Leigh and Sir Laurence Olivier. The play is *Titus Andronicus*, and what audiences in the French capital will make of the mutilated Lavinia I shudder to think. When the Ashcroft-Redgrave *Antony And Cleopatra* reached the Champs-Elysées heads were scratched. What was Cleopatra doing laying that asp to her breast? "Elle se met un aspic." "De L'ASPIC?" Which translated means Harben or Shakespeare.

The stage then is set. The ghosts of Stratford are assembled, the trees are in blossom, and soon the flags will be unfurled for the Birthday celebrations. The local boy who made good elsewhere is in residence again, awaiting homage and the fierce applause of the school parties as they decamp for *Julius Caesar*. It is only when we recall that Shakespeare is the actor's playwright that we glimpse a cloud on the horizon of other dramatists. Did not Mr. Priestley once look about him and, observing the famous names devoting themselves to one man, say "Shakespeare is the biggest blackleg in the business." Before very long it will be 1964, the occasion of the blackleg's four hundredth birthday. Name, if you can, any great actor who will willingly spend that season in London



The costume design by Audrey Cruddas for King John (Robert Harris) and the Dauphin (Kenneth Fortescue)

Motley's costume designed for Duke Frederick, which will be played by Mark Dignam, in "As You Like It"





A STAR AND HER SON

MISS PEGGY CUMMINS, the noted film star, who is married to Mr. Derek Dunnett, a business executive, is seen here with their son, William Harry David Dunnett who will be three years old on Friday. Miss Cummins has recently completed the film, *The Haunted*. Before that she had appeared in such successes as *Who Goes There!* and also made several pictures in Hollywood

Cornel Lucas

Roundabout

IN ETEEN fifty-seven's first appearance of the Loch Ness Monster could hardly have been attended by more auspicious omens—eye-witness accounts by a Scottish schoolmaster and a police inspector of the Inverness-shire constabulary, solemnly reported in *The Times* newspaper.

Indeed, the police inspector was called from the motor-car in which he was travelling with his wife and daughter, thus adding a domestic touch to the awe-inspiring sobriety of the whole proceedings, made all the more manifest by everybody's ability, it would seem, to pronounce the name of Drumadrochit, off the shores of which the monster swam a-basking in the sun.

Who am I, after all that, to doubt the existence of the Loch Ness Monster? It made its first appearance on the world stage in the same year as the late Herr Hitler, and there is little doubt that that particular monster was no subjective phenomenon, or mass hallucination. And the early days of the beastie of Loch Ness were reported upon by none other than those—at that time—young, eager and decorative ornaments of Fleet Street, Mr. John Connell and Mr. Lionel Hale, whisked north on the Christmas Eve—of all days—of that fateful year 1933, by their hard and unfeeling editors.

Then again, the sea contains some strange creatures, and I don't mean only those bikini-clad human bolsters on the beach: the scientists had assured us that the coelacanth had been extinct for millions of years—until, suddenly, there one was, as sur-

prised to see us, to judge by its popping eyes, as we to see him.

And yet, I must confess, in the matter of the Monster, a little dubiety creeps in. The photographs of the sea-beast that so many sober-sided Scotsmen have sworn to have set eyes on are none of them identifiable by any qualified expert, consisting as they always do of a series of smudgy humps, that might be almost anything. They always suggest to me a school of porpoises in line ahead, or a string of discarded whisky casks—and this latter suggestion would explain a lot, of course.

THEN, again, nobody that I know of has ever attempted to capture the Monster, in spite of an offer, from a circus, of £20,000. Surely, this is an un-Scottish reluctance to turn an honest fortune? They try much harder, at Tobermory, for galleon gold.

And nobody has ever owned up to drawing a bead upon it, in spite of the local belief that the Monster not only gobbles up an auld Scottish guidwife now and again, which is perhaps neither here nor there, but actually poaches and guzzles the salmon of the loch, which is another thing entirely.

What especially sticks in my sceptical mind is that so often the Monster's annual reappearance is made, as it has been this year, on the eve of the tourist season, and patently to the benefit of the picture-postcard trade. There must be many a dram drunk at Drumadrochit, for the profits on which, and on other consumer

goods, the innkeepers, distillers, ghillies, landladies and local stationers must thank that basking beast with (so they say) the head of a horse, the body of an eel and the size and speed of a London bus, which if it hadn't existed would certainly have had to be invented.

★ ★ ★

EVERY nation is concerned about its language, though none—except the French, and they unsuccessfully—does anything to try to save it from the vandals.

In the course of one weekend I read in three serious newspapers of the scholars who are seeking to preserve the last tattered shreds of the old Scottish tongue; of French concern at such Anglo-American importations as *les gadgets* and *les starlettes* at *le music hall, avec du sex appeal*; and my friend and former colleague, Jack Lambert's, horror as he dredged up from the *Dictionary Of New Words* such abominations of our own as "bookateria," or the verbs, "to chef" and "to mastermind."

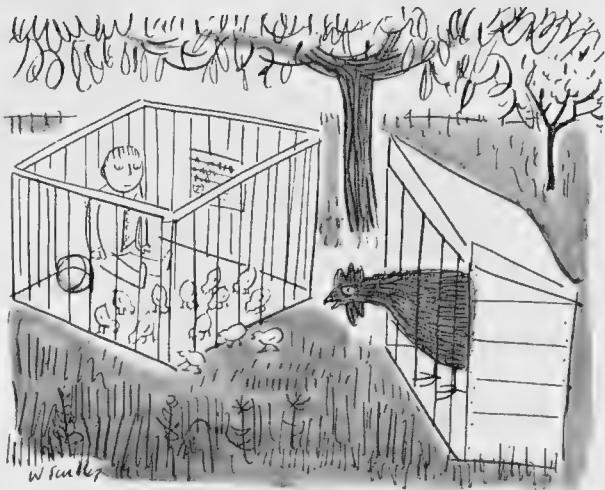
Some odd discoveries have been made by Edinburgh University's School of Scottish Studies—among them the rather surprising paradox that the Scots, tucking into their haggis, are using an English word, current here long before the Scots got hold of it; whereas down here, a politician at Westminster, complaining of the hecklers at his meeting, is using an old Scottish term that only acquired its present sense when Gladstone stumped the Lothians in the eighteen-seventies.

In Paris, the Academy seems to enjoy little success in preserving the French language, though the *Observer's* Paris correspondent has reported what she describes as a magnificent act of philological defiance in an unexpected quarter. The French, having swallowed the most unpronounceable Americanisms from Hollywood, such as *les gangsters*, by whom, in *un holdup*, one might become *kidnappé*, have suddenly dug in their heels, and the film *Guys And Dolls* is being advertised as *Blanches Colombes Et Vilains Messieurs*.

Did I say, though, that the Academy itself was doing too little for the language? Maybe, but it has struck its own shrewd blow for another of the glories of French civilization. In spite of protests it has confirmed by a majority that *buveur d'eau* shall continue to be defined in the Academy's great authoritative dictionary as a "pejorative expression." (Rather as "cake-eater" is, in Glasgow, I am told.)

No doubt the wine-bibbing experts of the Academy were wider awake, in order to repel the opposition, than old Marshal Joffre was when he was asked, again for the sake of the great dictionary, to contribute his own, soldierly, definition of a rifle. "It goes bang, bang, bang," he said, and went to sleep again.

But the Academy's Chestertonian vote against water is merely



one good deed in an all too naughty world. As Mr. Lambert points out, almost everything points to a progressive impoverishment of ordinary speech: childhood has become pediatrics, and geriatrics equals age.

Short words, in fact, become long words, and single words become battalions. Once upon a time, I knew a general, but he is now a high-ranking officer.

★ ★ ★

THE adolescent girls round my way—I'll be blowed if I call them "teenagers"—come out in luminous short socks, and gay plastic jackets called variously, I gather, "Bill Haley" coats or "scooter" coats—"simulating," say the advertisements in the local shops, "the finest morocco leather." They brighten the grey streets, as the spring sunshine catches them, like window-boxes in the City.

So it all adds to the gaiety of North London, though the fluorescent footwear does come a little hard on the eyeballs. I wonder what those shine-in-the-dark socks must look like in a country lane at night—like a lot of rather loud, large glow-worms, I suppose. Though, come to think of it, no doubt girls change their stockings for something a little less noticeable when they go a-courtin'.

So popular are the scooter coats that a very small girl who lives near me—aged about three or four—strode down my street, only this morning, with a bright red one down to her heels. Her waist and her pony tail were each tied up with a piece of black bootlace—pinched, I shouldn't wonder, from her dandy Edwardian brother's tie-and-collar drawer.

★ ★ ★

THAT was a charmingly macabre early eighteenth-century spelling book that somebody has been writing about in the *Manchester Guardian*. It began mildly enough with the Archer and the Beggar but went on to "C for Coffin," "G for Gallows," "K for Killing," and so on. It makes our horror comics look almost mealy-mouthed.

It would have made a pleasant bedside book for "Funeral Tommy," the North-countryman whom somebody was talking about on the wireless the other day, who—dressed in his decent black serge, and cap to match, with a bow tie clipped to his stud—was a sort of gate-crasher of all local funerals, and could weep over a complete stranger as copiously as any mourning widow.

Or the same speaker's Uncle Harry, who would rather, he said, go to a funeral onny day nor a weddin! "They're allus a 'appier lot at a burryin'. Their troubles is over. T'other lot's nobbut just startin'."

by Graham





Glyn Ward.

WATCHING THE BOAT RACE FOR THE LAST TIME

*DIANA AND MEIR GILLON,
never having seen the Boat Race,
regrettably remedied this neglect*



THOUGH as strongly partisan as a Lancastrian or Yorkist in the Wars of the Roses I had never, until recently, managed actually to *see* the Boat Race; it had always been a question of the radio, or the television screen. So when, suddenly, some new acquaintances with an address in S.W.15 telephoned to say that they were sure we'd done it hundreds of times but would we perhaps like to come over and watch the boat race, with lunch to follow, we were quite overwhelmed with excitement. "We're not actually *on* the river," they warned us, "but it's only a little way. Well, then, be sure to come early."

"The river's just over there," our hostess explained when we arrived, pointing vaguely at some solid houses. After much meandering through elegant little streets we turned a corner into a biting nor'-easter laced with intermittent drizzle and a crowd of mackintoshed eager-looking backs. We had arrived.

Using the push-chair as a battering-ram, we worked through mackintoshes and drizzle, eventually emerging on the grass verge of a road. Already on the landward side people were milling up and down with field glasses and shooting sticks and portable radio sets and pocket flasks.

Weaving in and out, we tracked along the river bank, which was frequently barred from our own view by opulent houses whose gardens went all the way to the water's edge. "Look," hissed our hostess, "Sir Alan Herbert's house . . . look, Charles Chaplin. . . ." We goggled as the large lush cars drew up before brilliant doors where hostesses loomed with sherry glasses: just an excuse for a party, we thought, shivering.

"THIS is the place," our hostess at last announced, stopping suddenly so that, our eyes shut against wind and rain, we cannoned off her. "A marvellous view and not many people know about it." We stood and stared appreciatively down a concrete slipway at the foot of which the Thames slapped sulkily, throwing up and catching bits of driftwood, rust-gnawed tins and hunks of soggy cardboard. Across the ruffled water the opposite bank was windtorn and empty, an expanse of tundra bumping to Putney and points south. To the left a boat race party shrieked up and down the deck of a houseboat. We clung to our scarves and coat-collars, assured the children that they need walk no farther, and inserted ourselves into a gap between a parked, radio-loud car, and a crowd of chatty teenagers in duffle coats and drainpipes.

"They've started," somebody said suddenly, "won't be long now."

From the muffled, steam-obscured car-windows commentary mistily filtered; we jumped up and down, beat our damp gloves together, shuddered when the children demanded pocket money for ice-cream. Along the river, grey as a television screen but emptier, several branches drifted, causing the teenagers to calculate which way the race was actually going and whether it was against the current or with it.

BEHIND us, in the windows across the road, the cocktail parties screamed with joy and put on another record. "You know you can't park here, sir," a policeman muttered at the car's window; grumbling, it shunted off. Now we were bereft of commentary; round the corner, the other side of the eyot, Oxford might be ramming Cambridge or vice versa for all we knew, or the whole race waterlogged in Davy Jones's locker. One of the teenagers said he'd got a twenty-guinea portable, smashing job, at home if he'd only thought about it.

Then at last a rising roar from down-river, massive as the background of a football match or a revolution, swept towards us. "They'll be here in a second," our friend announced— "Quick—grab the children." Behind us crowds surged up from nowhere, out of the back streets, charging up the tow-path. In no time at all we were engulfed in a whirling crowd—in no time at all our little bit of river was invisible. Until one of the teenagers, tall under three piled inches of hair-cut, looked round. "Hey," he said, "the little boy can't see—here, leave room for the little boy." And we were lugged up on to the bordering wall with a good view for all of us. Across our little screen of water, tense and wet and sweating, the long thin boats swept like stick insects on a microscope slide. Momentarily, open-mouthed among the cheering populace, we actually *saw* the Boat Race.

It was, we agreed afterwards, an experience. This year, however, we'll be watching on television; canned or not, this is certainly a case where inlookers see most of the game.



GOLF SEASON OPENS

THE Wentworth Foursomes opened the season's big golf tournaments over the course at Sunningdale, Berkshire. Spectators on the final day saw G. Wolstenholme and A. Lees beat M. F. Bonallack and G. Gledhill by one hole



Air/Cdre. and Mrs. T. C. Miller enjoyed the games

Mrs. C. E. Nisbet, Mrs. E. W. Denison and Mr. A. W. Aitken watching the play



M. F. Bonallack driving off from the fifteenth tee in the semi-finals against W. A. Slark and R. P. Mills



Mr. G. Wolstenholme and Mr. A. Lees, both of Sunningdale, were winners of the 1957 Foursomes

Desmond O'Neill

Mr. R. P. Mills and Mr. W. A. Slark, semi-finalists

Brig. and Mrs. J. Appleby were by the scoreboard





F. J. Goodman

H.S.H. THE PRINCESS GHISLAINE of Monaco is seen in her apartment in the avenue Marceau, dressed in the clothes that Balmain designed for her to wear at the christening of Princess Caroline

BARONESS LUDMILA VON FALZ-FEIN, daughter of Baron and Baronin Edward von Falz-Fein, of the Principality of Liechtenstein, and granddaughter of Lady (Noel) Curtis-Bennett, was 5 years old last month



Priscilla in Paris

FAIRYTALE WEDDING

SHROVE TUESDAY, pancakes and dressing-up! Merriment for the children, who fêted Carnival more exuberantly than for many a year. The streets were gay with those familiar, whimsical personages of the fairy stories that still make childhood happy. Pocket editions no doubt but all the more dainty. Restful moments of make-believe.

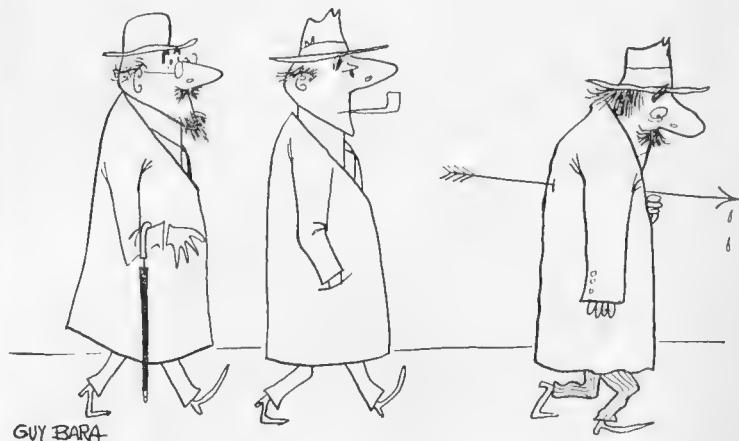
But there was no make-believe about the white and golden coach, drawn by four piebald ponies tossing their ostrich-bedecked heads, that conveyed lovely, dark-eyed Mlle. Sandrine Bouglione—international queen of the circus-ring—to the church of Saint Elizabeth for her marriage to the famous *écuyer* Caroli, junior. It was a storybook spectacle and, if the fairy coach, driven by a white-peruked coachman and drawn by perfectly-matched ponies, had not been followed by eight, black, super-luxe town cars decked out with white flowers and filled with relations and friends, it would have been easy to imagine that one was dreaming.

Circus-loving Paris was on its doorsteps and hanging out of its windows in spite of an unfortunate drizzle, and Papa Bouglione, in his blue dinner jacket suit, was a very proud man as he led his beautiful daughter to the altar.

As usual, it was the Cirque d'Hiver, Joseph Bouglione's permanently installed circus just off the boulevard du Temple, that, a few days later, the 27th annual Fête de l'Union des Artistes took place, at midnight. There is a pleasant thrill felt over this gala that never wanes. Crabby critics have been known to grumble that they see no fun in paying fancy prices to watch amateurs perform circus tricks that professionals can do better. The answer to this amiable remark is that they are not obliged to come, that the money goes to the upkeep of the Old Actors Home, founded by Constant Coquelin in 1899 at Pont aux Dames on the outskirts of Paris, and that when the "amateurs" are famous players who train for weeks and, more often than not, risk their necks to give this one performance for charity, such amateurism covers more than a multitude of sins.

The star turn this year was performed by Jean Marais as a playboy who has dined and wined too well; he climbs a lamp-post to get a light for his cigarette—a trick lamp-post that swayed perilously and of which the lamp was sickeningly some fifteen mètres above terra firma. To see the popular hero of so many fine films, the great actor of Shaw's *Pygmalion* and Cocteau's *The Eagle Has Two Heads*—to mention but two of his many stage successes—shinning up that shaking post, balancing head downwards on his hands as he tries to light his cigarette from above the lamp, held us in breathless suspense. My blood chilled and my vertebrae still quakes. When at last he safely touched

SUIVEZ LA FLECHE





FRANCOISE SAGAN (right) is seen with Jean Seberg who is to play the heroine when Miss Sagan's world best-selling novel "Bonjour Tristesse" is filmed by Otto Preminger. Miss Seberg has recently completed filming Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan"

sawdust again—only it was coconut matting—the circus resounded with applause for long moments and I saw eyes that were bright with tears of relief.

So far as I can remember, and that is pretty far, it is the first time that Jean Marais has ever appeared at this famous fête. Now that he so brilliantly has shown us what he *can* do in the way of trying to break his neck, we are hoping that there is a wise Nannie in his life who will say to him: "My boy, don't you EVER do that again!"

Another Nannie would have been welcomed to deal with that unfortunate child poet, the young prodigy, Minou Drouet. She was pushed into the ring with some trained dogs; it would have been pleasant to see her trotted off to bed, poor infant, and P.D.Q. at that!

INGRID BERGMAN whose success is greater than ever at the Théâtre de Paris delighted us with a juggling act, but why did that most adorably feminine lady wear a man's dress suit? It was white, certainly; but even so we are not accustomed to see her in masculine attire. Joan of Arc? Well, perhaps, but in any case Joan was *autre chose* . . . or should I say *autre "clothes?"*

In an equestrian number we were uncomfortably surprised to see Eddy Constantine—one of the screen's toughest boys for all that he appears as a hoofer in the Folies-Bergère film—sliding about on his saddle, but what worried us really was that the management did not provide a safer mount for Peter Ustinov, who kindly appeared as General Grant and had a great reception. Famous dramatists are precious.

It was a grand sight and a fine night. The sky was just paling as we left the circus and there was a smell of spring in the air. Happy days are round the corner. Houp la! . . .

The news of M. Emile Bertin's recent death at the age of seventy-nine was learned with deep sorrow by his friends and the innumerable admirers of his art.

He was president of the Maîtres Peintres-Décorateurs de Théâtre and his own scenic designs for the stage are famous. In his youth he created décors for Sarah Bernhardt, Gémier and Antoine, while later his settings for Baty and Jouvet made history in the theatre world.

Amis de passage

•The stage débutante: "One finds lots of friends behind the foot-lights . . . so long as one does not get in their way!"



The Queen's French lady-in-waiting

COUNTESS JACQUELINE DE CROUY-CHANEL has been chosen to act as Queen Elizabeth's lady-in-waiting for Her Majesty's forthcoming French visit. Countess Jacqueline is familiar with the etiquette of the Court of St. James's where her husband was Minister-Counsellor.



Glyn Williams

At the Theatre

DRAWING-ROOM POLITICS

AN extravaganza of High Life and Top Level Politics replaces *The Reluctant Débutante* at the Cambridge. We are asked for a weekend at a ducal country seat and are free to view at close quarters how an overbearing Colonial Secretary handles a colonial crisis and how his hostess, the whimsical Duchess of Whitadder, gleefully follows his lead in a domestic crisis of her own.

Some colony, indifferent to its strategic importance in the global scheme of things, is impertinently demanding its freedom, and the Colonial Secretary is taking a strong line. The Duchess's cook chooses a Saturday evening to want to leave without giving notice. To the Duchess her important political guest is a pompous fool, and here is a chance to face the fool with his folly. Supposing she were to order the butler to lock up the recalcitrant cook in her room? She decides to see what the effect would be.

As a humorist, Mr. William Douglas Home is apt to hit or miss, but as a playwright he has a settled point of view. The point of view is boldly aristocratic. Dukes and duchesses have the good sense to move on light, easy, friendly terms with people they cannot do without—with professional politicians, vicars' wives, butlers, gamekeepers and parlour maids; but they take it for granted that all these people are in virtue of their several functions self-evidently funny.

They themselves are pleasantly eccentric. They please themselves what they do and they do it in any way that pleases them.

To the playwright's point of view dramatic criticism has nothing to say. If Mr. Home believes that the world still wags like that, let him make good his belief on the stage, and the result could be very amusing. But it is the dramatic method behind this airy trifle that I am inclined to question. Mr. Home sets out not only to divert his audience with a display of aristocratic eccentricities, but also to work a moral into the display. If he is to bring this off the dialogue ought to be something more than waggish and the moral ought to insinuate itself gently into our minds and even come in the end as a bit of a surprise.

But it is hard to imagine a more obtrusive moral than we get in this instance. It is always at us;

"THE IRON DUCHESS" (Cambridge Theatre). William Douglas Home describes his new comedy as an extravaganza. This scene depicts Cranshaws Castle under siege by the erring cook (below, Gladys Henson). Defending themselves after their fashion, militant spirit and political convictions are (left to right) the Secretary of State (William Mervyn), Mary (Jane Downs), the Marquis of Cranshaws (David Hutcheson), the Gimaltan Minister (Olaf Pooley), the Duchess (Athene Seyler), the Duke (Ronald Squire), the vicar's wife (Rosamund Greenwood) and the vicar (Geoffrey Lumsden). Drawings by Glyn Williams

it never leaves us alone. The colonists declare a general strike—the incarcerated cook goes on the gin. A rebel leader is on the run—the cook, supplied with two bottles of gin and a sporting rifle, takes to the shrubbery.

Of course, the rebel is captured—and so, thanks to the nonchalant bravery of the Duke, is the cook. The rebel's life, the Colonial Secretary decides, is forfeit—the Duchess blithely makes ready to execute her cook for sedition with violence.

I say nothing about the doubtful taste of the final episode. It is more to the point to ask if the Duchess who is playfully pulling the leg of the stuffy politician keeps our sympathy at the end. When we find ourselves laughing not with her but at her, she (and the author) are surely lost. And it is impossible not to feel when the Duchess is arranging for the cook to be placed against the wall that she and not the fatuously protesting politician has become the butt of the joke. The willingness of the caste to welcome summary execution as a merciful release from a cruel hangover is somehow unhelpful to the comedy.

As a play, then, *The Iron Duchess* is poor stuff, but it is deliciously acted. Miss Athene Seyler meets the essential crudeness of the Duchess's political object lesson with a bravura display of inconsequence and whimsicality. Mr. Ronald Squire is laconic,

greedy, rude and disarming in the best ducal style, fretful in the presence of a bore but matter-of-fact in the face of danger. Miss Rosamund Greenwood is the vicar's wife who being given whisky instead of sherry drinks, shows instant signs of intoxication. Mr. William Mervyn realizes that the author is using inflated political platitudes as substitutes for the epigrams proper to gilded comedy and as the ridiculous Colonial Secretary he reels them off with complacent gusto. Miss Anne Leon makes quite a character of the traditional parlour-maid. Mr. David Hutcheson is impeccably good as the son of the house, serving with condescending efficiency a political apprenticeship, and Mr. Olaf Pooley is the Gimaltan Minister caught in the enemy camp by an accident of hospitality.

—Anthony Cookman





MISS SEAL'S NEW PART

ELIZABETH SEAL, delightfully pert and provocative in "The Pajama Game" and in the film "Town On Trial," has her first straight part in Tennessee Williams's "Camino Real" in which she plays the author's prototype for Baby Doll. Opening at the Phoenix on April 8, the play is the first production of the International Playwrights Theatre, Peter Hall's own company.

*Photograph by
"Baron Studios"*



A. V. Swaebe

BALL TO CELEBRATE A BRITISH GLIDING VICTORY

THE BRITISH GLIDING ASSOCIATION recently held a ball at Londonderry House to celebrate the victory of Cdr. Nicholas Goodhart and Capt. Frank Foster, who won the two-seater World Gliding Championships which took place in France last year. Above: Cdr. H. C. N. Goodhart, Mrs. Foster, Miss Betsy Woodward and Mr. F. Foster, Capt. B.E.A., enjoyed the evening's victory celebrations

Miss Maureen Hawkins and Mr. David Kerridge, a successful glider

Mr. Dickie Reid in conversation with Miss Sue Burges

Mr. P. L. Cyster talking to Miss Patsy Burges





Miss June Hamilton, Dr. Brennig James, Miss Sylvia Jenner and Mr. Peter Ross

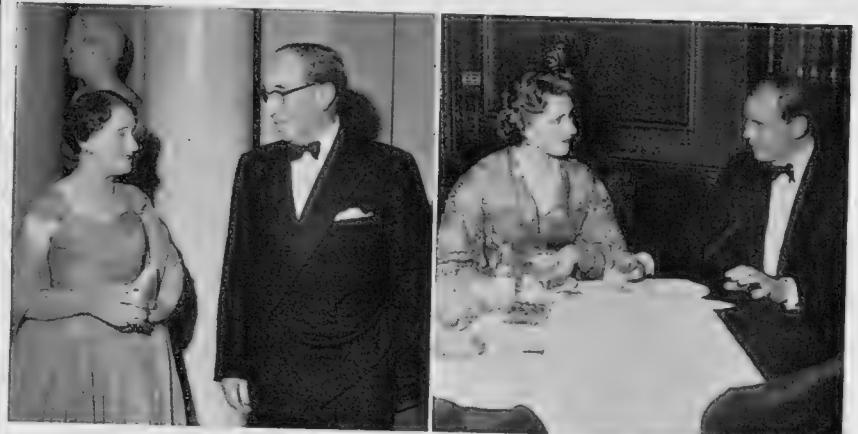


Mr. Stephen Wills, Miss Loveday Hext and Mr. Philip Wills, B.G.A. Chairman

Mrs. W. S. Gladstone and Mr. Gladstone look up at a striking mobile



Mr. Airey Neave, Jt.-Parliamentary Sec., Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, with Mrs. Neave

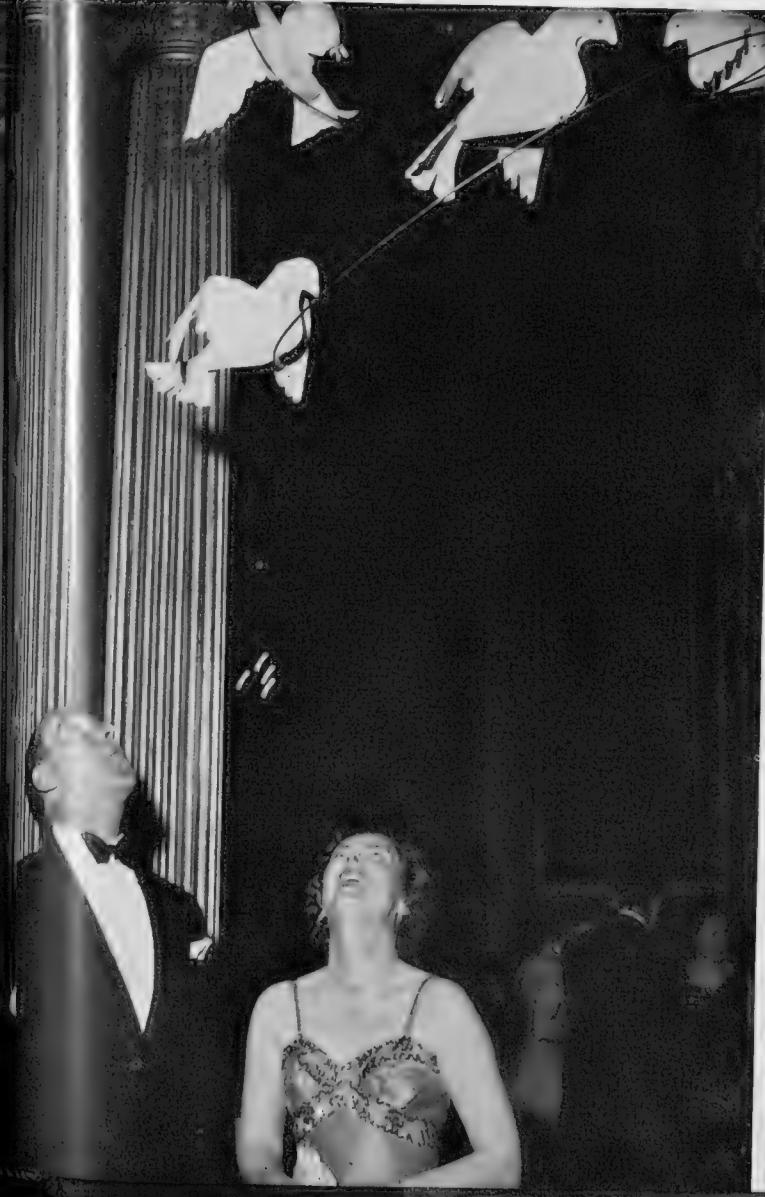


Mr. F. N. Slingsby with Mrs. Slingsby

Miss A. Brinck and Mr. R. Christopherson

Miss Susan Pepper and Mr. Michael Kaye

Mr. W. Kahn dancing with Mrs. Kahn



At the Pictures

ABANDONED BAGGAGE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

MY friend Carmen from Madrid tells me that, in her opinion, one of the most moving passages in all Spanish literature is the description of a noble hero's finis: "Two drops of blood appeared—and he died in profile." I was reminded of the line as I watched Mlle. Brigitte Bardot playing the part of an oversexed eighteen-year-old orphan in *And Woman Was Created*, a film directed by her husband, M. Roger Vadim. Mlle. Bardot *lives* in profile.

She has a rear elevation with a wanton wiggle and a front elevation with a great many buttons seductively left undone, but it's her much exploited side view—the consciously out-thrust, beckoning bust, lovingly caressed by the camera—that most vividly conveys the orphan's message: an importunate and indiscriminate invitation to misconduct.

HER total lack of inhibitions appeals strongly to a rich, elderly hotelier (Herr Curd Jergens) but she rejects him in favour of three more virile brothers who own a small shipyard at St. Tropez. She marries the middle brother (M. Jean Louis Trintignant), excites the desire of the youngest (M. Jacques Siron) and successfully seduces the eldest (M. Christian Marquand)—who promptly denounces her to the entire family as an immoral slut.

Feeling distinctly aggrieved about this, Mlle. Bardot trollops off to the nearest night-club to drown her discomfiture in double brandies. Here her husband finds her waving her bosoms at the coloured band leader in a state of considerable exhilaration. He gives her three stinging slaps across the face to remind her that

ARLENE DAHL as the beautiful wife of a rich art collector appears to be deeply implicated in a shady insurance claim and in suspected arson in *Fortune Is A Woman*



HOWARD KEEL (right) as the poet-beggar and Sebastian Cabot as the scheming Wazir are seen in the colourful screen version of *Kismet*, a story of ancient Baghdad enriched with Borodin's music

she is his wife—and off they go to live happily ever after, or, at any rate, until a new man comes along.

There may have been some redeeming feature to the film before the Censor went to work on it with his scissors—but as it stands it is, despite the gloriously colourful South of France setting, a trifle squalid. I am as surprised as the French that M. Vadim should have wanted his wife to exhibit herself in a rôle I can only describe as (to coin a phrase) sexorbitant.

Miss Doris Day herself elected to play the title rôle in *Julie*—though what possessed her to do so, I cannot imagine. It is the hammiest melodrama I have seen for a long time and crammed with hilariously inept lines of dialogue. Miss Day discovers that her second husband (Mr. Louis Jourdan) murdered her first. Fearing that he will bump her off, too, she flies to Los Angeles with protective old family friend, Mr. Barry Sullivan, and registers at an obscure hotel under an assumed name. The moment she reaches her bedroom, the telephone rings: it is her husband, calling from San Francisco. "How did he know I was here?" asks Miss Day. "It's a good question," replies Mr. Sullivan: and indeed it is—I was just going to ask it myself.

WELL, anyway, Miss Day, after telling the police her husband is gunning for her, takes a job as an air hostess. On her first night flight she is horrified to find Mr. Jourdan among the sixty-odd passengers. Something, she feels, is bound to happen. It does. Mr. Jourdan shoots the two pilots and is himself killed—whereupon it devolves upon Miss Day, who knows nothing about flying, to bring the plane back to the airport. Following instructions radioed from the control tower, the gallant girl makes a perfect landing. "I couldn't go through that again!" says a watching detective. And neither could I. It's back to musicals for Miss Day—I earnestly hope.

Mr. Jack Hawkins is a worried insurance assessor in *Fortune Is A Woman*—a neat drama from Messrs. Sidney Gilliatt and Frank Launder. Miss Arlene Dahl, the woman he loves but couldn't afford to marry, has become the wife of Mr. Dennis Price, a rich, art-collecting lord of the manor, heavily insured, whom Mr. Hawkins suspects of some jiggery-pokery with faked masterpieces.

Popping down to Louis Manor one dark night to make an unauthorized investigation, he stumbles upon the body of Mr. Price on the groundfloor and a briskly burning fire in the basement. While the house, clearly built of matchwood, is going up in smoke, Mr. Hawkins reluctantly concludes that Miss Dahl has turned incendiary to dispose of her murdered husband and claim the insurance money.

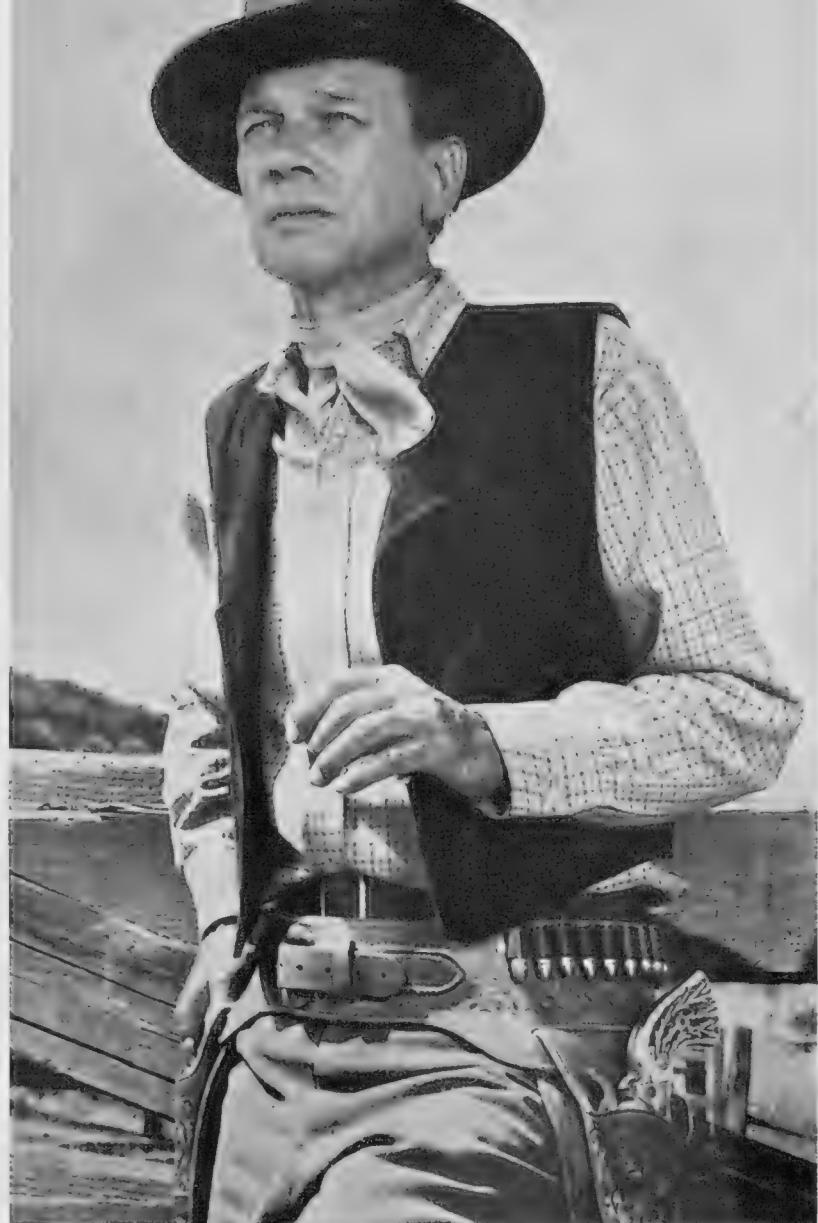
You must see for yourself whether or not he is right. Though the ending is somewhat implausible, the story is ingenious, the dialogue crisp, and the acting admirable—so it's well worth your while.

In *The Traitor*—a modest but meritorious who-dun-it directed by Mr. Michael McCarthy—Mr. Donald Wolfit, a British colonel, invites to his English home eight members of a European resistance organization with whom he worked during the war. One of his guests is the traitor who betrayed their leader to the Nazis: Mr. Wolfit is determined to find out which. Uninvited, an American major (Mr. Robert Bray) and a British Intelligence officer (Mr. John van Eyssen) arrive on the scene, to throw the uneasy houseparty into a panic.

The initial build-up to the mystery is highly effective, an atmosphere of doubt and suspicion is well maintained, a couple of murders are thrown in for good measure, there are very good performances from Messrs. Wolfit, Karel Stepanek, Carl Jaffe, Anton Diffring and Bray (whom you may remember as the muscular bus driver in *Bus Stop*)—and the final twist to the story is unusually and satisfactorily ironic.

As Frank W. "Spig" Wead, a U.S. Navy flier who became a paraplegic (and, it seems, a playwright) after breaking his neck by falling downstairs, but nevertheless returned to active duty in aircraft-carriers during World War Two, Mr. John Wayne gives his usual slit-eyed, granite-puss performance. On the other hand, the features of Miss Maureen O'Hara, as his wife, are rarely in repose: perpetual motion ill becomes this statuesque beauty. The film, vacillating between embarrassingly elephantine humour and sickening emotionalism is unlikely to win another Oscar for its director, Mr. John Ford.

—Elspeth Grant



JOSEPH COTTEN plays the black sheep of the Halliday family who pits his strength against his unscrupulous and hardhearted father (Ward Bond) in *The Halliday Brand*, a story of family feuds



BRIGITTE BARDOT appears to be more sinning than sinned against as the seductive orphan who sets her cap at three brothers, one of whom she marries, in the French film *And Woman Was Created*



BEHIND THE CURTAIN

ERIC WILLIAMS, author of the famous "The Wooden Horse," based on his thrilling escape from a German p.o.w. camp; recently he spent over four months travelling in countries behind the Iron Curtain, and his new book "Complete And Free" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 16s.) tells of his adventures

Book Reviews

AN ARTIST-WATCHER SENDS IN HIS REPORT



M. WILLSON DISHER has written in "Pharaoh's Fool" (Heinemann, 30s.) the story of Giovanni Belzoni. Above is an illustration, "Infant Hercules," from the book

MICHEL GEORGES-MICHEL's **From Renoir To Picasso** (Gollancz, 21s.) is sub-titled "Artists I Have Known." This author's attitude to the great would seem to be that of a bird-watcher—he took up the right situation, then waited patiently. Consequently, he has much to report. Luck was with him; again and again he was on the spot when a characteristic scene occurred in a studio; he had also the *entrée* into private lives. Those who wish to know how painters of genius work, talk, eat, hate, love, or in general comport themselves, will do well to turn to this candid book—which is by no means its Gallic author's first.

The flood of chatter and anecdote cannot blind one to M. Georges-Michel's noble respect for art. As to scene, he has kept to Paris and to those parts of France frequented and immortalized by French painters. But this, for the reader, is no loss—the decades he covers were those when French genius was at its most dynamic, and gave the lead to the rest of the painting world. Nor did the impetus stop with nationality: this book includes Spaniards (notably Picasso), Russians, Italians, Belgians, Dutchmen and Japanese for whom Paris was the inspirational hearth.

The author has been ill served by his translators, who transpose what may once have been his style into alternately dingdong and singsong English. But the blight set up by this, in the first few pages, is overcome by one's interest as one reads on. One reacts to genuine flavour. It was M. Georges-Michel's privilege to know, in their illustrious old ages, Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas, Monet and Renoir. The succeeding of the Impressionists by

the "Fauves" opens the scene for Matisse, Rouault, Derain, Dufy, Van Dongen, Marie Laurencin, Rousseau le Douanier, and others.

After the Fauves, the Cubists—headed by the then youthful Picasso, Braque and Julian Gris. After the Cubists, the Unrealists, dazzlingly represented by Chagall, Chirico. Against "The Reality Of The Unrealists," in one chapter, is balanced "The Unreality Of The Surrealists" in the next—this featuring Max Ernst, Miro, Tangy and Dali. (Dali, incidentally, gets very short shrift.) "The Teeming Jungle Of Montparnasse" gives context for a tribute to Modigliani, together with an engaging personal picture, and remarks on the artist photographer Man Ray—who practised painting with but one aim in view, that of improving his photography. Pleasing Fujita, serene Japanese eye, also comes into the chapter on Montparnasse.

M. Georges-Michel's liking for paradoxical headings reaches its climax in "The Past Of The Futurists"—honouring Marinetti. Balletomanes, however, will be best pleased by the account (exceedingly ably done) of the Diaghilev Ballet's impact on pre-1914 Paris. Waiting (with his talent for being there) with Diaghilev in a Paris railway station to meet an incoming star, our author learned much about Russian fever.

Diaghilev talked to me at some length about Cubism in Russia.

"It descended upon the icon-painters like a rain of ortolans on a population of bean-eaters. Most of them took it up with a frenzy that soon sent them into paroxysms. And the whole crowd who had, until then, been calm and rational, suddenly turned into demons. Twenty different schools sprang up in less than a month. Futurism and Cubism were soon considered as antiquity, pre-history. In three days the most advanced painters became academic. Motism ousted Automatism, which in turn was outdistanced by Trepidism and Vibrism. Those gave way to Planism, Serenism, Exacerbism, Omnisim and Neism.... Duchesses climbed up to attics to see Neo-artist pictures by the light of candles stuck on the floor. And even the great landowners began taking lessons in Meta-chromism."

Russia never does, never has done, anything by halves.... One attractive feature of *From Renoir To Picasso* are the illustrations, particularly great artists' sketches of one another. Bakst's of Picasso is (in high terms) a pin-up. Among the teeming anecdotes, my favourite is that of Picabia's unforeseeing abduction of a peasant bride on her wedding night. The lady adhered: she set up home in his yacht, removed the engines and installed a pen of sheep. How wicked old de Groux first faked his own death, then turned up at his memorial exhibition, is another winner.

★ ★ ★

A BEGUILING first novel is *All A Nonsense* (Peter Davies, 13s. 6d.), by Mark Bence-Jones. The Irish-born author, though still young, shows remarkable power and variation—his theme, that of a young man trying, almost fanatically, to keep alive an ancient family house (in the face, it seems, of all reason and common sense) should appeal to many. Here is an obstinate bravery, and simplicity, which our world today cannot afford to forgo—though it may go to other causes, in other forms.

John Galston, while still a schoolboy, enters into inheritance of Rathgarvan Castle, in the south of Ireland. The lands have been his ancestors' for centuries, and (as it were symbolically) the elegant nineteenth-century Gothic façade encrusts a rugged original inner building. Years of good-timing have gone on; there has been lavish and high-flying hospitality—consequently, the family fortunes are at low ebb when John takes over. He shoulders a heavy burden, to which is added the knowledge that, but for chance, he would not have been here at all.

For the main line of Galstons, like many of the "ascendancy" in Ireland, for generations back had been strongly Protestant. John's father's reversion to the original faith had caused a split with the then head of the family, Major Galston. Now, with John, a Catholic reigns at Rathgarvan—and in the countryside such a change looms large. Mr. Bence-Jones handles the situation, and others arising therefrom, wisely, impartially. His touch is light, often humorous—he suggests the complex undercurrents of Irish life without becoming too much entangled in them.

The crisis, and outcome, of *All A Nonsense* it would be a pity to reveal. There are tragic moments, but these are offset by much that is tender, much that is mellow (such as the evocations of the old house). The air of youth breathes refreshingly through this novel. And, not less good, Mr. Bence-Jones is a born storyteller.

—Elizabeth Bowen



A NEW NAME IN PAINTING

AN exhibition of paintings and drawings by Bruno Cassinari was opened by H.E. the Italian Ambassador Count Zoppi (above) at Matthiesen Gallery, Bond Street. He is seen with Mrs. Charles Maison and Mr. Bruno Cassinari, the artist

Photographs by Van Hallan



Mrs. A. Ballauff and Mr. Geoffrey Moss



The Duke of Buccleuch and Professor Roy Harrod

Mrs. Edward Sutro with Mr. John Synge

Mr. Brian Synge was with his wife

Mrs. Euan Graham with Mr. and Mrs. J. Baines





Michel Molinare

CHRISTIAN DIOR. The strapless short evening dress above is in white taffeta embroidered in gunmetal grey, and has a full tiered skirt. Over it is worn a sumptuous evening coat of steel grey taffeta. Cut wide and full, it has a huge cape collar fringed at the edge. The coat alone obtainable from Debenham & Freebody Small Women's salon

COUTURE FROM PARIS AND ROME

GREGORIANA of Rome designed the black and red two-piece in printed pure silk on the opposite page. The dress is a slim and sophisticated sheath. The coat, of inspired and original design, has a wide cowl-like collar tying in loose scarf ends at the front. From Debenham & Freebody's International Haute Couture Collection

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez





Photographs by John Adriaan
at John French

HEEL-LESS shoe in steel blue lustre calf, beaded buckle, by Bally, 8 gns. at Russell & Bromley. "Blue Haze" nylon stockings by Aristoc

MULE-STYLE evening shoe in black suede, diamante straps (top right). 8 gns., matching bag £8 18s. 6d., at Russell & Bromley. Sheer nylons by Brettles

TWO-TONED shoe in beige suede and black patent leather by Bally; price 6 gns. from Randall, Knightsbridge

EVENING mule by Hutchings in bronze suede and gold fluorescent kid (centre right). Approximately 3 gns. Hutchings, New Bond Street

NEW DESIGNS IN SHOES

FOLLOWING the fashion trend for softer, feminine lines, this year's spring shoes provide the perfect complement to the new clothes. The 1912 Poiret influence is seen everywhere with the silhouette more slender, vamps higher, and heels that are slightly lower curving out at the bottom in the tradition of the Louis heel. On the left is a charming shoe by Bally in olive green calf. The high vamp is hand-embroidered in jet and finished with a wide bow. Price 9 gns. from Russell and Bromley, New Bond Street. Sheer stretch stockings by Charnos



GREY check tweed and black patent court shoe, 6 gns. at Hutchings, New Bond Street. "Touch of Gold" stockings by Berkshire

BEIGE kid sandal by Bective with elasticated sling-back heel. Price 69/11 at Lilley & Skinner, Oxford Street



In the Eternal City

ITALIAN designers are justly renowned for their flair for originality in design and line. Colourful, exotic and sometimes bizarre, clothes in Italy are always exciting and usually very feminine. These pages demonstrate that both their tailored tweeds and evening dresses show equal inspiration



THE beige coloured suit in wool above is by Simonetta of Rome. The short jacket has the high-waisted line emphasized by a band buttoning below the bust and the fringed and gathered front panel. The suit has a rever collar and three-quarter length sleeves. Fabiana of Rome designed this grey suit (right), which is slim, collarless and also has the high-waisted line





Michel Molinare

FROM Gemma Palloni of Florence comes an evening gown in pure white jersey, cut on Grecian lines, and skilfully draped with the bodice and attached stole enriched with embroidery. At Debenham & Freebody

CHOICE
FOR
THE
WEEK



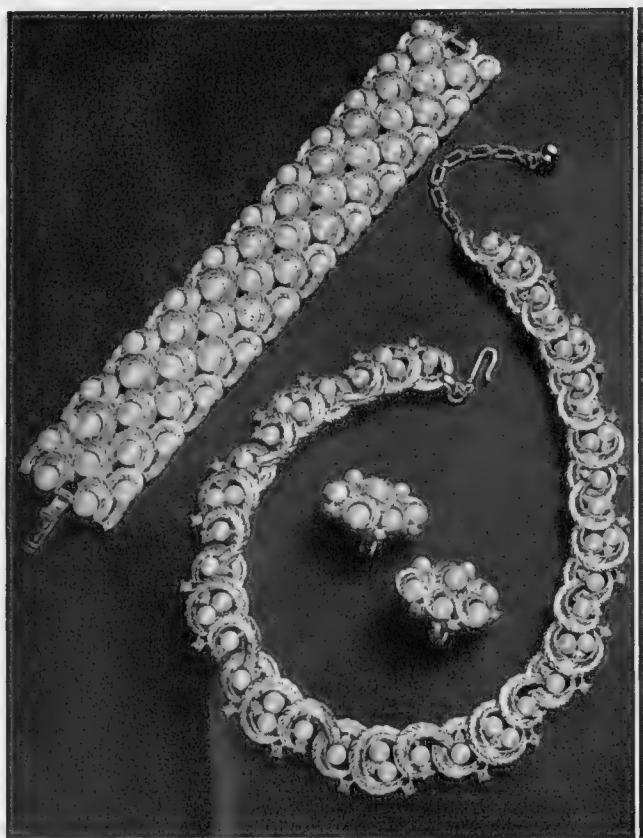
John French



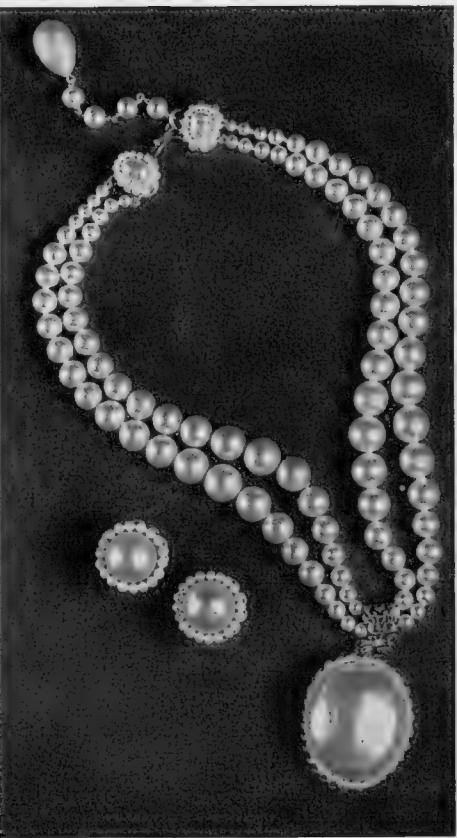
VALUE
WITH QUALITY

HERE we show clothes by Jaeger whose classic cut and fine cloth make them a superb investment. Above: Narrow perfection in a multi-coloured tweed coat with gently sloping shoulders and extra-large patch pockets, price 22½ gns. The pull-on coffee coloured jersey hat is 45s. Opposite: A handsome two piece in wool and camel hair, comprising three-quarter length coat, distinctive in style, 21 gns., and slim skirt to match, 5½ gns. Pale blue jersey hat 45s. Left: The perennial favourite, the classic twinset, in pale blue cashmere, price 12 gns.





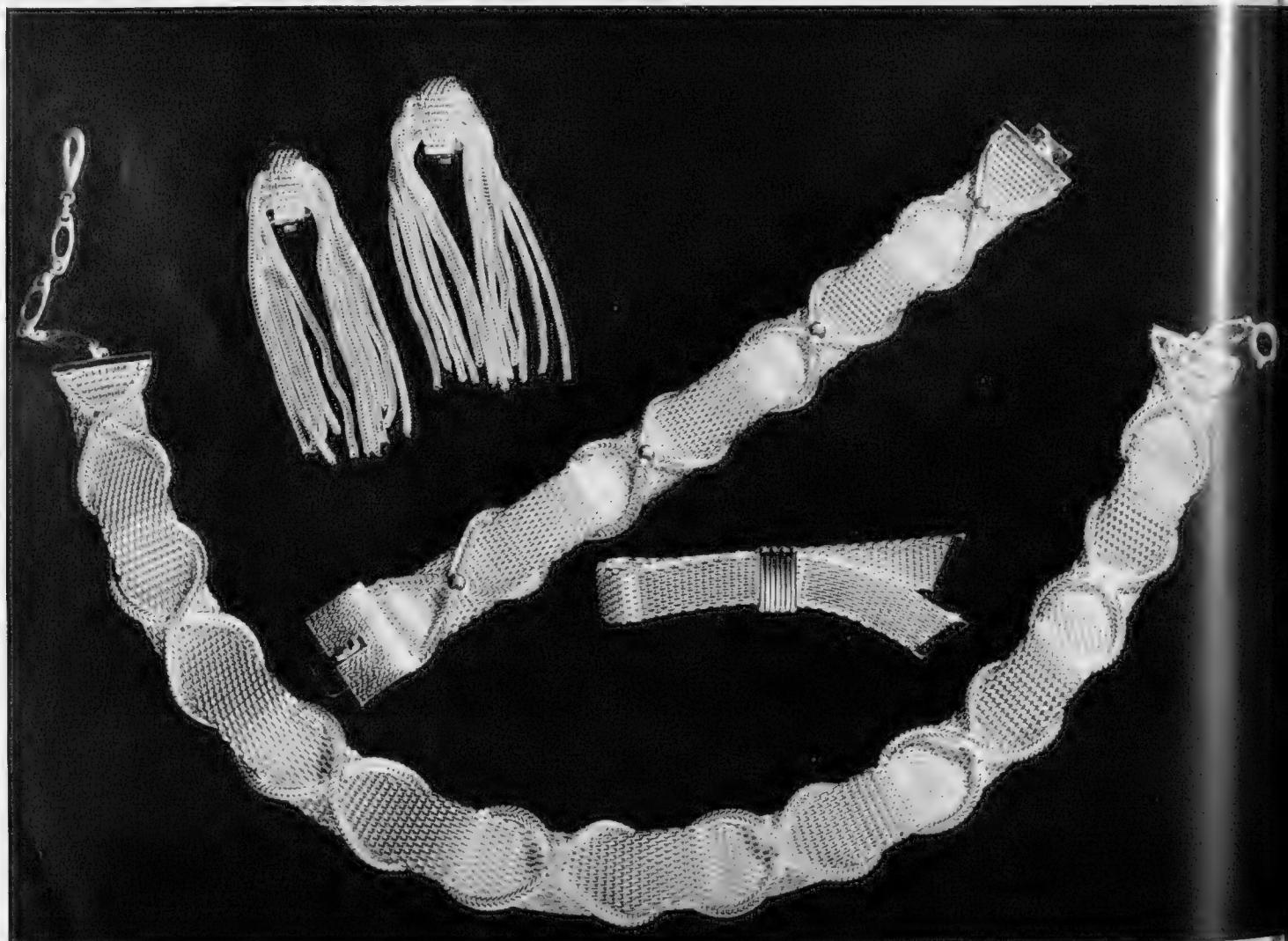
"Trifari" peacock collar and earring set in pearl and gilt, price £1 7s. 6d. "Trifari" bracelet/earring set, price £1 7s. 6d. Harrods



Oyster shell necklace, price £10 10s., with matching ear-rings, £2 17s. 6d. This set is obtainable from Aspreys, New Bond Street



"Mirage" gilt and beaded collar, price £36 15s., bracelet, £15 15s., brooch, £6 16s. 6d., ear-rings, £6 16s. 6d. Obtainable at Harrods



Dior jewellery; interlaced Milanese gold-plated necklace, £14 3s. 6d. bracelet, £12 12s., brooch, £6 16s. 6d., tasseled ear-rings, £7 10s. All from Debenham and Freebody

Anniversary gifts of taste

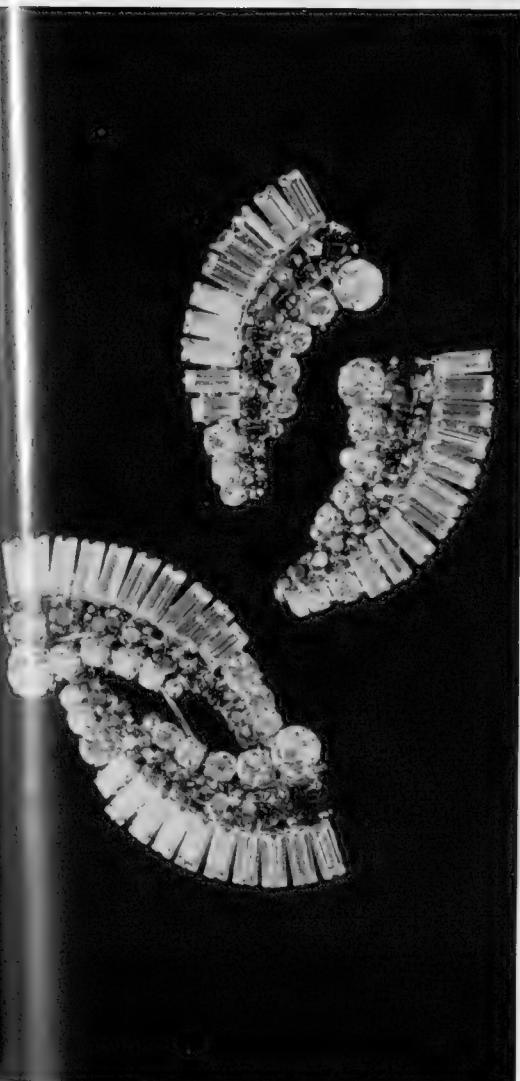
NO matter whether it is for the twenty-first birthday gift, for the anniversary of a unique (to you) occasion or to celebrate some happening that lingers fondly in the memory and over the mists of time past, these jewels combine taste with charm and inexpensiveness with a glamorous appearance

—JEAN CLELAND

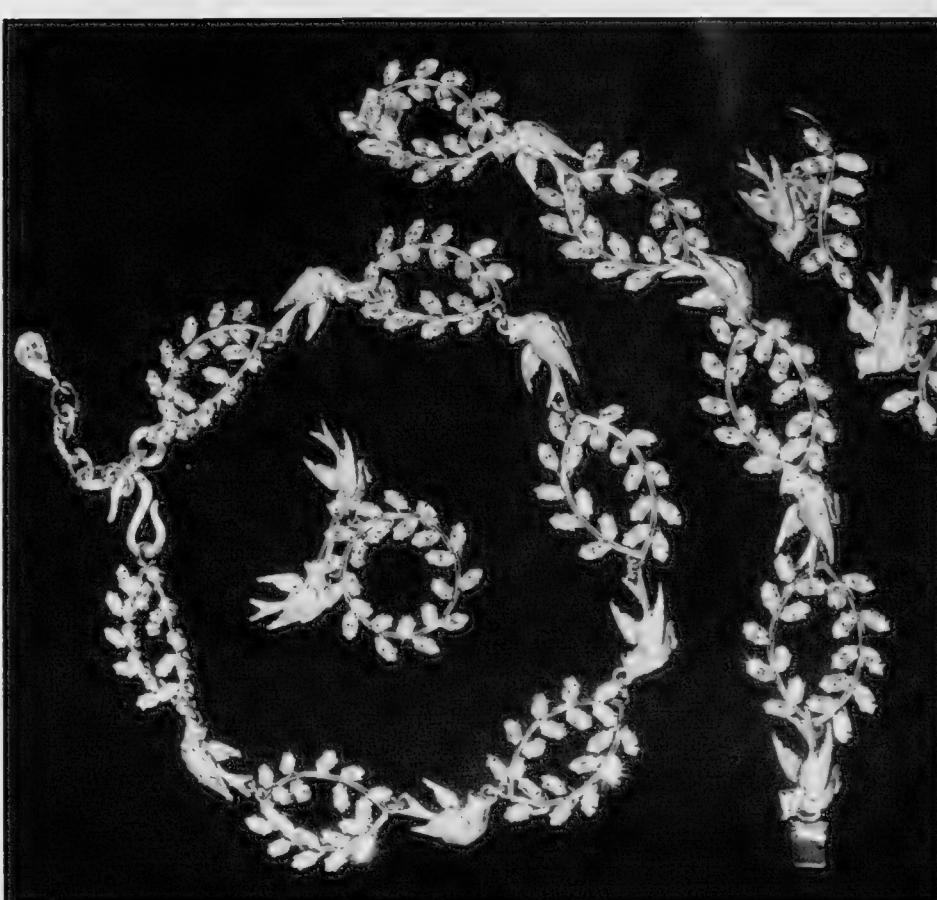


A combination of bead, river pearl, and crystal, with sapphire baguettes. The necklace is £23 2s., brooch £8 5s., ear-rings £6 16s. 6d. Debenhams

Rhinestone and amethyst scroll brooch, price £5 5s., and matching ear-rings, price £5 5s., from Harrods



Right: Dior
jewellery; "Bal
des Oiseaux."
French, with gilt
birds and claw-
set crystal stones.
Necklet £19 19s.,
bracelet £12 12s.,
brooch £5 5s., ear-
rings £4 17s. 6d.,
from Debenham
and Freebody



Beauty

Loveliness in the air

Jean Cleland

SINCE I wrote in The TATLER last week, I have been "flying high." Literally *very* high, 23,000 feet up, on a flight to Frankfurt, in B.O.A.C.'s new luxury plane, the Britannia. When the captain told me that we had gone up 2,000 ft. in the first minute, I had to look down at the clouds floating like icebergs beneath us to realize this was the truth. The smooth passage of this swift ascent—so little noise, and next to no vibration—made it very hard to believe.

I could write at length of the thrills of this exciting jaunt, and *what* a jaunt it turned out to be. Of the welcome on arrival with music from the band in national costume, of the drive to Wiesbaden for lunch, the opera at Frankfurt in the evening, and the lavish entertainment from B.O.A.C. throughout the entire visit. But since there was much in the tour that interested me as a beauty writer, I will confine myself to that angle. Not very easy, since on coming down to earth—I mustn't say with a bump, because the landing was wonderfully smooth—the whole thing, in retrospect, seems like a dream.

On arrival in Germany, one of the first things that struck me was the number of women who are using make-up again. Last



time I was in Frankfurt was just before the war, when, owing to Hitler's dislike of it, make-up was only conspicuous by its absence. Some may have used it, but if so, they were outnumbered by a large "penny plain" majority. The change is all for the better. The faces I saw had more glow and more sparkle.

The morning after we arrived, I paid a visit to a large and gay looking shop that sold nothing but scents and beauty preparations. Here I was surprised to find a large variety of products, such as Elizabeth Arden, Helena Rubinstein, Yardley, Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Ponds, and many others well known to us in this country, all charmingly displayed to catch the eye and appeal to the feminine customers.

Inside the shop I talked with the attractive woman in charge, who showed me the new treatment rooms and the hairdressing salon, all of which were fully booked. I told her that nearly all the women I had seen wearing lipstick had chosen soft shades of rose, and she said that pink was by far the favourite colour. I wondered whether this was the transition between wearing no lipstick at all, to adopting deeper colours later on.

At the airport, before flying home, I was lucky to have a talk with Britannia's two air hostesses, one fair and one dark, and both most attractive. I had often wondered how these girls on the big airliners kept their looks so trim and fresh whilst travelling from one country to another, to different climates and through varying degrees of temperature.

BOOTH were agreed that the best way of keeping a matt and smooth complexion was to use a good foundation, but only a *very* little. "If you use too much," they said, "it clogs and gets smudgy, and does more harm than good." This has always been my contention, and I have stressed it again and again. I was pleased, therefore, to hear it confirmed by these young girls, who, in the interests of their job, make a study of keeping their complexions looking clear and cool.

I questioned them about hair, another very important point. "How," I asked, "do you manage to keep it so beautifully neat and well groomed while travelling and working hard?" The fair girl said that she managed by keeping her hair very short. "I always go to a first-class hairdresser to have it expertly cut, and after that I wash it myself. As you see, it is so short that it needs practically no setting. All I do is to brush it well, so that it shines and looks sleek."

THE dark girl solved the problem by having her hair long, so that she could twist it up in an Edwardian style, and pin it closely to her head. I watched her doing it, and was fascinated by the deftness of the procedure. She did it extremely quickly and, when finished, the hair fitted as close to her head as a soft dark satin cap. These two ideas could, I feel, be useful to young girls who, while they want to look their best for work and play, are not anxious to spend too much time or money.

During the flight, I talked with Miss Whichello from Elizabeth Arden, and Mr. Fleetwood from Yardley. Both of their beauty firms supply products for the use of passengers on the plane. In the women's powder room, Arden's have a delightful range of those preparations most suitable for women flying from one country to another. A particularly happy thought is the addition of sunburn cream for the benefit of those who may be going into hot sunshine. In the men's room, Yardley's provide a range of products, including invisible talc, after-shave lotion and hair tonic, all in their well-known lavender perfume. Very refreshing on a long journey.



WELCOMING the new B.O.A.C. Bristol Britannia, when it visited Frankfurt recently with a party of beauty experts aboard, was the band of Herr Maier Guste



Pearl Freeman

Miss Freyja Longley-Cook, the only daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Eric Longley-Cook, of Cloak, by Kilmacolm, Scotland, has announced her engagement to Mr. Simon Buchanan Lloyd, the only son of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. K. B. Lloyd, of Down Street, London, W.1



Lenare

Miss Iona Tottenham, daughter of Admiral Sir Francis and Lady Tottenham, of Ruiland Gate, S.W.7, and Bembridge, is to marry Capt. John Arscott Molesworth-St. Aubyn, 60th Rifles, son of Sir John Molesworth-St. Aubyn, Bt., and Lady Molesworth-St. Aubyn, of Pencarrow, Bodmin



Lenare

Miss Sarah Speed, daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Speed, of Upper Culham, Wargrave, is engaged to Capt. Ian Cameron de Sales La Terriere, 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), son of Major and Mrs. J. F. de Sales La Terriere, of Dunlastair, Perthshire, and Brompton Grange, Yorks

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Harlip

Miss Clemency Ann Hoare, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Hoare, of Colville Hall, White Roding, Dunmow, Essex, is to marry the Hon. Roger Cunliffe, elder son of Lord Cunliffe, of Carlos Place, W.1, and of Joan Lady Cunliffe, of Malvern Court, S.W.7



Yevonde

Miss Antonia Mary Coleby, only daughter of Capt. Anthony Coleby, R.N., and the late Mrs. Coleby, of The Folly House, Hambledon, is engaged to Lt. Cdr. William Thomas Talbot Pakenham, R.N., son of Capt. and Mrs. T. Pakenham of Botley, Hants, and Kaptaget, Kenya



Yevonde

Miss Susan Cary Roberts, who is the daughter of the late Mr. Trevor Roberts and Mrs. Trevor Roberts, of The Mill House, Bramley, Hampshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Arthur Naylor, Royal Artillery, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Eric Naylor



Strube—Ball. Dr. A. G. Strube, son of the late Mr. Sidney Strube, and of Mrs. Marie Strube, of Park Drive, N.W.11, married Miss Gillian Ball, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Ball, of Rotherfield, Sussex, at the Church of St. Denys, Rotherfield



Alchin—Hankey. Mr. Peter Alchin, son of the late Judge Gordon Alchin, married at St. Michael's, Chester Square, Miss Juliet A. Hankey, daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Hankey, of the British Embassy, Stockholm



Malcolmson—Preston. Mr. Euan Malcolmson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Iain Malcolmson, of Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos, married Miss Diana Preston, daughter of Mrs. Neville Preston, Loundes Close, S.W.1, and of Mr. Neville Preston, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

RECENTLY MARRIED



Arnold—Horton-Fawkes. Mr. Edmund M. Arnold, son of the late Mr. Edmund Arnold and of Mrs. Arnold, of Moorlands, Moortown, Leeds, was recently married to Miss Margaret E. Horton-Fawkes, daughter of Major and Mrs. Le G. G. W. Horton-Fawkes, of Farnley, Hall, Otley, Yorkshire, at the Parish Church, Otley



Charter—Hunt. The wedding took place between Lieutenant William F. Charter, R.N., son of Col. W. F. Charter, M.C., and Mrs. Charter, of Kingsbridge, South Devon, and Miss Judy Hunt, daughter of Mrs. Hunt and the late Captain E. G. G. Hunt, D.S.C., Royal Indian Navy, of Lee-on-Solent, at Portsmouth Cathedral



Kennedy-Moffat—Armitage. The marriage took place in the Henry VII Chapel, Westminster Abbey, of Mr. Peter Krabbé Kennedy-Moffat, elder son of Major and Mrs. T. W. Kennedy-Moffat, of Kilroy, Auldgirth, Dumfries-shire, to Miss Margaret Armitage, daughter of the Rev. Cyril and Mrs. Armitage, St. Bride's Rectory, E.C.4



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DESPITE the grave fire which destroyed a large part of its factory the Jaguar firm has completed yet another model. This (left) is the 3.4 litre 120 m.p.h. saloon. Obtainable with either automatic transmission or the manual gearbox it is priced between £1,600 and £1,900



Motoring

SMALL TOWN TRANSPORT

PERHAPS we shall learn something about optimum motor car size when fuel rationing ends. A powerful impetus has been given to all kinds of minimum machine by the petrol shortage and there has been something like a boom in vehicles propelled by engines of less than half a litre, some of them air-cooled two-strokes. We see on the roads a steadily increasing number of mechanized wheelchairs, powered prams and engined boxes of infinitely varied shape. The great question is whether their popularity will go on increasing.

I doubt whether these very small vehicles have come into favour entirely because of fuel shortages and high costs. The miles-to-the-gallon appeal is much overrated. It is more likely that their handiness and their technical modernity are their chief attractions. They are faster through all the heavily trafficked regions. Thus if you drive from London to Manchester you will go more quickly for most of the distance in a big car; but when you are in those two cities you will go much faster, and more easily, in a midget.

A great deal of today's motoring is done in congested areas and it is then a boon to have a small vehicle. Nor is there any great prestige value in a big car in Britain. It may be different in the United States, in South America and in some of the Dominions; but here the size of a car is not related to its merits or to the standing of its owner. A minimum car can be smarter than a big car.

Then look at the technical side. For less than £800 you can buy a vehicle with independent suspension all round and with front wheel drive if you are not put off by smallness. You can have air cooling and the advantage of one fewer level to check and the elimination of frost worries. I do not think that large size is a compensation for out-dated design features.

THE other day I was held up in Piccadilly while a woman driver turned her car round. The car was an extremely big one of a famous make. It was positively painful to watch her winding frantically at the steering wheel as she went back and forth. It may have been unwise to turn at that point; but one of the minimum cars could have been whizzed round at a touch. It is not only the shorter wheelbase, but also the higher geared steering that makes the difference.

My conclusion is that there will be no slump in minimum motor cars when petrol comes off the ration. They have become a permanent feature of the British way of motoring. And they are likely to stimulate the makers of large cars in the direction of rather greater technical adventurousness.

Car doors are so often a cause of trouble that it is surprising that sliding doors are not more widely used. Doors hung at the rear often cause accidents when they fly open when the car is moving fast. People have been flung out when they have grabbed at the handle as the door opens, for the air pressure builds up

instantly and the door cannot be held. That particular trouble is overcome by hanging the door at the front; but that is not always easy without causing structural weakness in the body or introducing pillars which drastically reduce forward view.

Then there is the parking problem. One cannot drive close to a wall or to another car without being trapped in or risking damaging the door, or scratching the paint of the next car. With a sliding door there would be no such difficulty.

Alternatively there is the lift-up door such as that adopted by Mercédès. It was much criticized when it first appeared; but it is in fact a more rational kind of door than the conventional one. And it presented no difficulties of access or egress. A little basic thinking about doors would be advantageous.

ONCE again the rumour comes that we shall see a turbine car on the market at the motor show this year. Rover and Austin seem to be the two companies best placed to produce such a vehicle. And last year's Rover turbocar was on the verge of being a marketable article.

The advantages of the turbine are smoother running, a lighter weight power unit and a built-in automatic transmission system. Fuel consumption has been the chief disadvantage, for the turbine drinks kerosene at a great rate. But here the reason is clear. It is that much heat is thrown away unless there is a sound heat-exchanger.

It is in order to collect and use the heat instead of throwing it away in the exhaust that the companies interested in turbocars have been working so vigorously on the development of heat-exchangers.

—Oliver Stewart



THE MEADOWS "FRISKY" is the latest British light car to be announced. Costing less than £400 (with P.T.) this Villiers twin cylinder two-stroke powered car has Italian designed coachwork. It is hoped to get 75 m.p.g. The cruising speed 50 m.p.h.



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Prices : £1,649.17.0. including Purchase Tax;

Special de luxe version : £1,696.7.0. incl. Purchase Tax.

THE ROVER 105/S

"There was a fine feeling of luxurious isolation in the way this Rover 105/S covered the ground . . . cruising speed is virtually what one cares to make it. The amount of equipment making for comfort or ease of control is lavish . . . everything to make the occupants feel that they are rather special people. Rover comfort and quality are now allied without compromise to decidedly high performance". (*The Autocar*, 22.2.57.)

Powered by a 108 b.h.p. twin carburettor engine, the 105/S has automatic overdrive and a special de luxe trim fitted as standard.

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Both the 105/R and the 105/S are surprisingly economical in petrol consumption. Like the well-established 2-litre 60, the 75 and the 90—all available with automatic overdrive—they offer the true Rover economy of low maintenance costs and high re-sale value.

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The Gramophone

IN THE ITALIAN STYLE

FRANCO CARACCIOLI conducting the Orchestra Alessandro Scarlatti offers Malipiero's "Sesta Sinfonia," and the "Ritratto di Don Chisciotte" suite from the ballet by Petrassi, a recording of works by two important contemporary Italian composers.

The ballet by Petrassi was staged in 1947 by the Ballets des Champs-Elysées, Babilée dancing the title rôle of Don Quixote, and Natalie Phillipart that of Dulcinea. Though this may not represent the composer at his best, the music is much more worthwhile than that of the average modern ballet. The orchestra gives good account of both works; the "Sinfonia" of Malipiero is at once entirely delightful. This is a record to enjoy over and over again. (Columbia 33 CX 1414.)

THERE is an increasing interest in, and demand for the small 145 r.p.m. extended play records, and of the many just on the market I commend two.

Performances of the solid musical comedy and operetta successes are frequently being given, but it is surely only a singer of the calibre of Rudolf Schock who could afford to present songs that may not, at first hearing, strike a familiar chord.

He sings two from *Der Bettelstudent*, and with Anneliese Rothenberger two duets from *Boccaccio*. There is indeed much to be said in favour of these four reminders of the nineteenth century. (H.M.V. 7E.G.8227.) The second E.P. is of four early Mel Tormé songs including "Little White Lies" and "Making Whoopie."

In the years since these songs were first recorded Tormé has made an international reputation for himself, but I am not at all certain that the general standard of his performance here is not a good as anything he undertakes at present. Mel Tormé is a musician first and foremost, he has a keen and disenchanted sense of fun and an easy assured nonchalance that pin-points him as an entertainer of absolute distinction. (M-G-M. E.P. 591.)

ONE of the pioneers of "Rock 'n' Roll," Bill Haley, recently made personal appearances in this country with his Comets. In consequence of this occasion every available space in record shops and stores was cluttered up with Haley recordings, and now that the bird has returned to his own habitat this space is still cluttered up with the offerings of Mr. Haley, his kiss curl, Comets and all! The enlightened people responsible for this state of affairs in the record business blandly claim that it is indicative of the beginning of the "Rock 'n' Roll" rot! Surely there is a much simpler and more accurate explanation than that. "Rock 'n' Roll," let's face it, to hear alone can become crashingly monotonous; and to watch (if the representations made of this form of movement on TV are any criterion) is equally dreary.

"Rock 'n' Roll" is a participant's beat, and that surely is the basis for its success. So for those keen to indulge in it, I suggest some quite reasonably civilized and original conceptions of this driving rhythm played by the Confrey Phillips Trio, currently the attraction at the Cascade in Mayfair Place. (Decca F. 10866.)

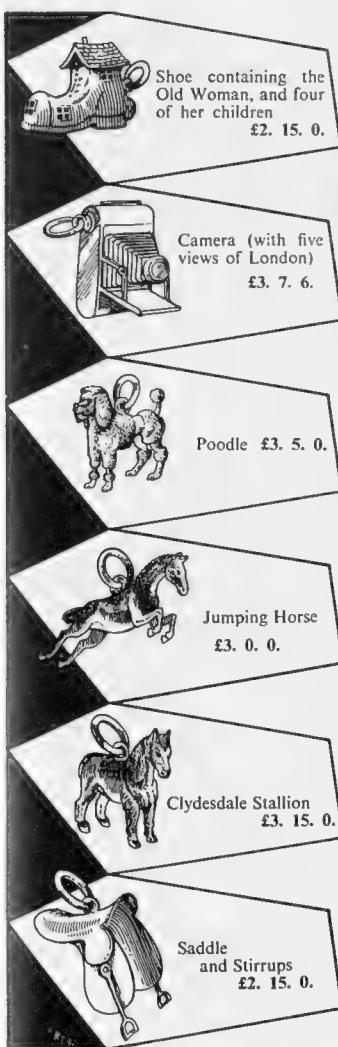
—Robert Tredinnick



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OCTOGENARIANS past and present. This photograph of Hilaire Belloc and Andre Simon enjoying a glass of wine together was taken shortly after the former's eightieth birthday by the versatile Mr. Bickerstaff of "Dining Out"

DINING IN

Fruit of the vine

WHILE grapes in cookery may play a trifling part, they are really important in fresh fruit salads. Choose biggish ones, green and black. Peel them, slit their sides and flick out the stones.

Always, too, at this time of year, I am reminded of the miracle of other fresh fruits—red and golden plums, peaches, apples, pears and apricots. Not all of them reach us at the same time, but always there is a very pleasing choice, together with bananas and Mediterranean oranges and other citrus fruit, to provide us with a most refreshing sweet.

Add passion fruit and paw-paws from cans, and note the exotic touch. Another delicious addition is lychees, canned or fresh. In recent weeks the fresh ones have been available and, I hope, still are. One of the most delightful and colourful sweet courses I remember consisted of stoned lychees, each filled with a red or green cocktail cherry. White, red and green—simple but irresistible, with no cream to blanket the flavour of the fruit.

Now they are plentiful and inexpensive, why not make frosted and glazed grapes to enhance a plate of petits fours?

For frosted grapes, beat an egg white or whites until fairly stiff. Dip little clusters of, say, three large grapes in it and then in caster sugar. Shake off any excess and hang the grapes over a taut line in a dry place to harden off.

Glazed grapes are a little more tricky, perhaps. In a small (in circumference) pan, place half a pound of loaf sugar, a pinch of cream of tartar and the tip of a teaspoon of glucose. Slowly dissolve the sugar over a low heat then boil, without stirring, until the syrup barely begins to turn to the palest straw tone and when a drop, placed in cold water, becomes very hard. Have ready individual grapes or two grapes on a little "twig," washed and well dried and with no broken skin, for that would make for stickiness. Dip very gently into the syrup, drain and place on a buttered plate to harden.

SEGMENTS of oranges, especially from the smaller mandarins, glazed as above, make another pleasing addition to your display. Keep both the grapes and oranges in a dry place because they tend to become a little sticky if the atmosphere is moist.

For those who like cold meat platters, pickled grapes are as pleasing to look at as to taste. The following recipe was quite a favourite in Victorian days:

For five pounds of grapes, green and black, boil together two pounds of brown sugar and a quart of vinegar for ten minutes. Add the grapes and simmer for just under half an hour. Lift out the grapes with a perforated spoon and place in a large jar. To the sweetened vinegar, add a tablespoon of mixed pickling spice, tied in a muslin bag. Cover and boil gently for ten minutes. Remove the bag and pour the spiced vinegar over the grapes.

After two days, drain off the syrup and boil it, uncovered, for ten minutes. Pour it over the grapes and tie down or cover tightly.

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

A fine tradition

FOR some undefinable reason Hatchett's is a sort of family affair; the young people there are the sons and daughters of the generation before, who also made Hatchett's a hobby. Established in 1720 by Abraham Hatchett and his wife, they changed the name to the White Horse Cellar, due to the result of a remarkable and impromptu trotting match, when the white horse of Mr. Hatchett defeated that of some well-known member of the nobility. It has been a landmark ever since.

Its wine list is one of the best examples of what a wine list should be, not only for the choice and quality of its contents, but in the quality of its presentation, dedicated as it says "to the memory of Professor George Saintsbury in honour of his learning and scholarship, and long championship of good wine and good food, in the hope that his benevolent shade will find the wines in it worthy successors of those noble veterans recorded in his cellar book notes, and that he will recognize the influence of his own immortal example in the spirit of its compilers."

As far as the menu is concerned, there is practically nothing you can't get, and some unusual specialities that you can; one of which I had when I lunched there recently was *Suprême de Volaille Gerold*. The *Volaille* was stuffed with *foie gras* cooked in butter, garnished with *fond d'artichaut*, fresh peach, asparagus tips and truffles, with a Madeira sauce, and was delicious. This was a speciality of the British-born chef, John Scrasce, who started as second sauce chef at Hatchett's in 1943; reached the top in 1952, and has stayed there ever since. I nearly said *maître chef* but he objects to the word; he says that there was only one and he was Escoffier. This particular dish was named in honour of M. Joseph Gerold, who hails from Switzerland, and who has managed Hatchett's with great aplomb for over twenty years.

I mentioned the young: they can have a dinner-dansant from 8 p.m. to 2.30 a.m., with a wide choice of a four to five course dinner, for 27s. 6d., but if all they want is an omelette and half a bottle of wine, nobody cares.

They have a section of the restaurant downstairs which can be divided off, complete with its own bar, into a private compartment, which is ideal for a private party of twenty, with the benefit of being able to hear the band as a sort of "music off."

JOE AND PAT COONEY made a bold venture when they took the Noke Hotel at the junction of the North Orbital Road and the Watford-St. Albans Road, about two and a half miles out of St. Albans. After a mighty battle for a full licence, the hotel now has a most attractive Tudor-style bar and a fine oak-panelled fully licensed dining-room. This place was discovered for me by a local gourmet, Duncan Russell. He invited me to "come and feast" there with him, which I did with delight, the *Coquille à la Noke* alone making the journey worth while. We finished with steak, kidney and mushroom pie with a bottle of Lafite '47. Fair enough.

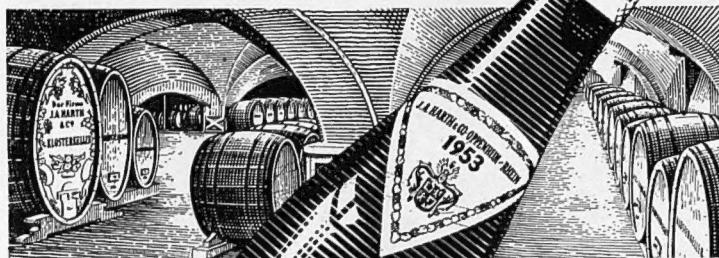
—I. Bickerstaff



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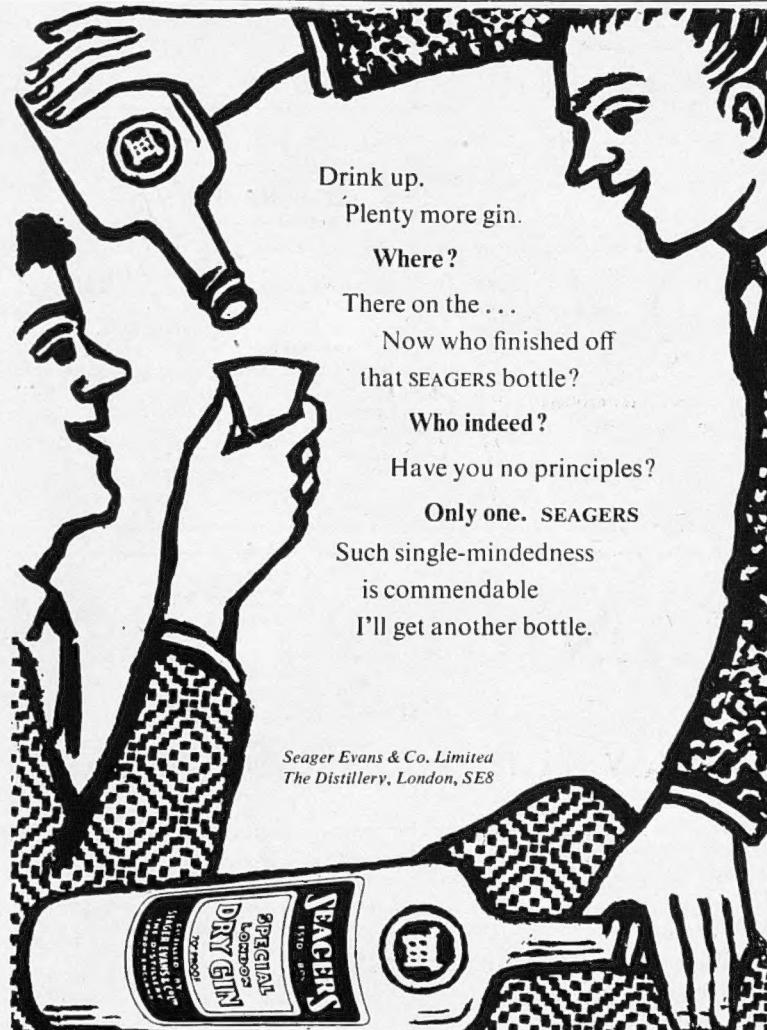
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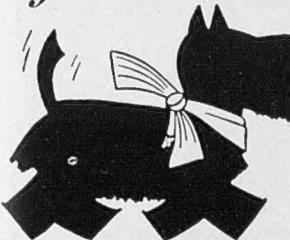


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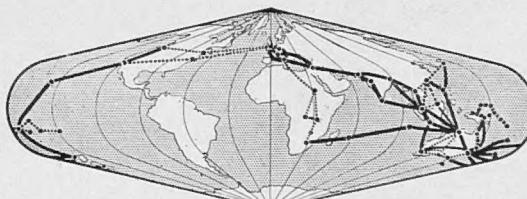
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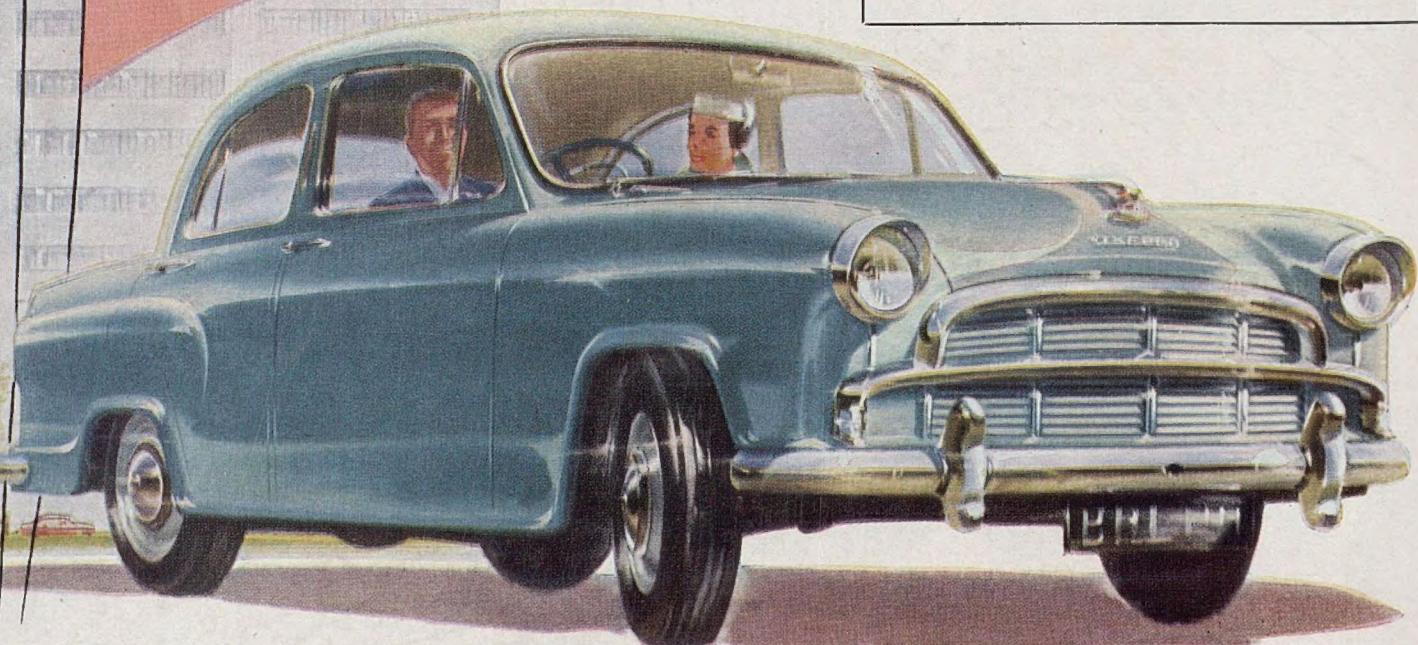
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